VOL. XVII. No. 3 JANUARY, 1920 No. 67

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THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

The Theosophical Quarterly

Published by The Theosophical Society at
159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Price for non-members, $1.00 per annum; single copies, 25 cents.

In Europe single numbers may be obtained from and subscriptions sent to Dr. Archibald Keightley, 46 Brook Street, London, W. 1, England. Price, 5s.

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

Entered July 17, 1905, at Brooklyn, N. Y., as second-class matter,
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NOTES AND COMMENTS

JANUARY, 1920

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The Purpose and Principles of The Theosophical Society

IT is wise from time to time to re-define the principles and purpose of The Theosophical Society, to call vividly to mind our methods and ultimate goal. Two sets of circumstances have recently arisen, which provide a natural occasion for doing this: the first has to do with the great war and Germany; the second, with proposals made by members of the Adyar organization, which still persists in calling itself a Theosophical Society. Before we try to follow these out in detail, let us seek to reach a general view of the true purpose of The Theosophical Society, its final objective, as it appears to us; premising, as always, that The Theosophical Society, as such, is in no way bound by this definition.

The Theosophical Society exists, it seems to us, for the sake of humanity, and in particular for the sake of the soul, the spiritual principle, in humanity; for mankind's immortal potencies, to foster and further these. Whatever helps the spiritual life in mankind, or in individual men and women and children, is, for that reason, entitled to the active support of The Theosophical Society. Whatever hinders man's spiritual life must, for the same reason, be an object of attack. If, then, the dogmatic attitude of certain religious bodies is seen to fetter and dwarf the souls of their adherents, this dogmatism must be actively assailed, as was done by the illustrious author of *Isis Unveiled,* in what was the first book of the present epoch of the Theosophical movement. If the materialistic attitude of Science, or, to speak more truly, of certain purblind followers of Science, is seen to deaden the soul, to threaten the spiritual intuitions with atrophy, then this "scientific materialism," and its high-priests, become proper targets for criticism by members of The Theosophical Society; not, be it understood, in any personal sense, or in a spirit of personal resentment, but rather on principle, because they are endangering that most holy thing, the spiritual welfare of mankind.

In exactly the same way, and for exactly the same reason, if a nation like Germany, at once dogmatic, in the narrowest and most obnoxious sense—the dogmatism of blind and swollen vanity,—and intensely materialistic, should plan, as Germany did, to attack and stifle the spiritual life of other nations, and ultimately of mankind, it becomes the instant and imperative duty of The Theosophical Society, and of its members, with every grain of spiritual force that is in them, to resist that attack by force, and, as a most effective means of resistance, to make clear the spiritual menace that lies in that attack, and the fundamental principle of evil that inspires it.

Exactly this was done, as every one of its readers is well aware, by writers in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, accompanied by clear-cut corporate action at our Conventions. It was done as a matter of principle, of imperative moral duty; we should in fact have forfeited our right to call ourselves The Theosophical Society, had we followed any other course. We have assigned to us, by most august authorities, as many of us believe, a vital duty, the duty of safeguarding in certain ways the immortal interests of mankind, and we have done our best, and shall, in the future, do our best to measure up to that high responsibility. As to the principle, we are in no doubt at all. Whatever makes for the spiritual well-being of mankind is imperatively our business, whether it lead to support of forces of good or to active resistance to forces of evil.

That the German nation, as a whole, has any sense at all of the foulness of the evil which it planned and tried to carry out, there is not a particle of evidence. Should it, as many things suggest, determine to continue, as a nation, in the same path of evil, merely substituting treachery and hypocrisy for open violence, until the opportune hour for violence once more arrives, then it would seem that Germany will invite and evoke the fate of earlier votaries of evil among the nations, the fate of ultimate and final extinction, such as befell the Atlanteans as a race. The welfare of mankind will demand that; and that high and holy Destiny which guards the welfare of mankind will bring it about. But, just as The Theosophical Society, as a whole, exists for the spiritual welfare of mankind, to guard and foster mankind's immortal destiny, so on the German members of The Theosophical Society is laid, by the fact of their membership in The Theosophical Society, the arduous duty of working for the moral restoration of all Germany, if that be possible; or at least for their own moral restoration, that they may, so far as in them lies, discharge the heavy debt which they have incurred to all mankind, by their share in Germany's plans and Germany's crimes. It is a terribly difficult task; it is, for just that reason, a tremendous spiritual opportunity.

It is of high importance, first of all for themselves, and then for their nation, that some members of The Theosophical Society in Germany and what, before the war, was Austria, are coming to see these facts

in something of their nakedness, and are taking the first steps toward moral restoration. Some of the documents that illustrate this awakening will be here set forth in order, both as forming a very important part of the Theosophical record, and as illustrating vital moral principles.

The earliest of these documents will show, what is of considerable Karmic import, that, even during the war, there were members of The Theosophical Society within the Central Empires who saw, if not all the truth, at least a vital part of the truth, and who had the courage to put their insight officially on record. This first document was addressed to The Theosophical Society in Convention assembled, by the Branch in Aussig (Bohemia), and is dated March 10, 1916. The essential parts of the document follow:

"Our heartiest greetings and most sincere good wishes! More than in other years we feel impelled to express to our brothers and sisters in America our especial thanks for the support and help given to us.

"With the conviction that the leaders of the Society to whom, long ago, we gave our fullest trust, will and can give us at this time help more than ever, we seek to make ourselves receptive to this help.

"By a loving and friendly study of the QUARTERLY and a living, devoted faith in the direction of The Theosophical Society, we grow in insight and understanding, and hope that in virtue of this attitude, through our common work, light will be given us on those points which are not yet clear to us.

"One of these points refers to the question whether the Resolutions at the Convention of 1915, which were expressed by Mr. Hargrove, ought not to be taken formally *as an expression of The Theosophical Society.*

"Those of our members (six in number) who were able to accept the situation, *personally* share the view of Mr. Hargrove. It is less clear to them whether this view should be taken as the conclusion of The Theosophical Society as such.

"Our Branch numbers at present ten members, of whom four are in the field. The Branch work is carried on by those remaining behind, in sympathy with those who are fighting, and it has brought us two new members. . . .

"May our love of the Master grow so strong that our strength may suffice to solve our problems, which are terribly difficult, in the Master's spirit!"

The question raised in this letter—whether it was the duty of The Theosophical Society as such to go on record in the Convention Resolutions,—has been already answered: whatever makes for the spiritual well-being of mankind is the duty of The Theosophical Society, as a Society.

The second document is of quite recent date. It was addressed on July 23, 1919, to the Chairman of the Executive Committee of The

Theosophical Society, by a member in Berlin. The essential parts of the letter follow:

"At last the way is free and the possibility of correspondence has returned. I at once make use of the long desired opportunity to ask for your friendly help.

"For us who are German members of the T.S., the great war was a test of mutual trust. I fear that this test was not met.

"The violation of Belgium and its thorough-going condemnation in the QUARTERLY led to a division of minds here and to a many-sided inner contest. On both sides, the motive was, to prevent the failure of the T.S.

"By a study of the QUARTERLY articles on the war, I reached the conviction that the T.S. in each nation must be the articulate conscience of that nation, that it must not keep silence, especially when there is a question of a national crime which has violated the principles of brotherhood and righteousness, as was the case with the crime against Belgium.

"When, in a lecture before the Berlin Branch in November 1918, I condemned this violation, it was indicated to me by some of the oldest members that I had violated By-law 35 of the T.S. and had brought politics into the Society. For we must condemn crimes, corrupt systems and so forth, only 'in the abstract'; that is, in the view of those who criticised me. We must condemn only in general, murder, breach of treaties, tyranny, disloyalty and so forth, but that in The Theosophical Society we must not refer to actual crimes and must not consider and condemn these.

"I request you to give me your views on the meaning and practical application of the phrase 'in the abstract.' I am of the opinion that the meaning is, that we must also condemn evil acts, so long as they do not affect us personally, in order to comply with abstract righteousness, without regard to our personal advantage or disadvantage. I am far from wishing to violate By-law 35, or to drag the T.S. into politics. But should it not also be said in the T.S. that the sphere of politics must not become a playground of the devil? Since we do not live in cloistered solitude, but must be the leaven which is to permeate the whole of social life, there is, in my view, no region of life, the consideration of which, from the standpoint of the Theosophical ideal, should be forbidden in The Theosophical Society. The differences in view on this point in the Berlin Branch are very great; and, while a part of the members are very thankful for the article in the QUARTERLY, other members condemn it in the sharpest terms, as a sign of the failure of the T.S. The difficulty appears to me to be this, that we, as the T.S., are standing before new and wider views of brotherhood, and that we are sunk too deeply in the old ruts to find the new way passable.

"What are we, as members of the T.S., to do in order to help Germany in its present situation? I shall be very grateful to you for an answer to this question.

"I believe that the divine powers have withdrawn from our nation, and that they will not again draw near to it until sincere repentance for what has happened is felt at least by the Theosophists of Germany, and until they view their Theosophical work in the light of reparation, of atonement to the divine powers. Except in relation to Belgium, I believed, during the first years of the war, that we were waging defensive warfare, and that, as a nation, we stood on the side of Light; but now I know that the contrary was and is the case. I believe that we have failed to recognize that the Cause of the Master was at stake in our country. Alas, how dark it was, in and around us! . . . . ."

A reply to this letter was sent on October 4, 1919. The essential parts of this letter follow:

"I have received your letter of July 23rd and am sincerely glad to know that there are a few in Germany who are beginning to get some glimpse of the truth, and that you are among them.

"You are right in thinking that the Cause of the Masters was at stake in your country. Do you realize also, I wonder, that if a sufficient number of German members had understood *from the beginning* what the real issue was, they might have saved Germany from the completeness of her moral degradation? Even if powerless to control or to modify outer events, their understanding, their ability to see the truth, would have had the same effect as the three righteous men would have had on behalf of Sodom and Gomorrah.

"Yet, while it is too late to do all that might and should have been done, it is not too late to help Germany in its present situation.

"The answer to your question under this head is:—you can help by understanding clearly the principles at stake; by seeing clearly that the issue was between right and wrong, between the White Lodge and the Black. You can help by doing what you would advise a man to do if he came to you saying—'I am beginning to see that my associates committed outrages and that they stole and were guilty of murder for gain. I do not yet realize the full extent of their wrong or of my own responsibility for not having protested at that time. I do, however, want now to do what is right.'

"I am sure you would desire ardently to help such a man. You would realize at once, I believe, that the only way to help him would be to tell him the truth. As soon as he is able to see that, he will repent, and the more sincerely he repents, the more sincerely he will desire to atone. The desire to make restitution would be the test of his sincerity.

"Consequently, both my duty toward you, and your duty toward other German members, are plain; namely, to tell the truth so as to give opportunity for repentance and for increasing repentance, leading up to a deep desire to atone.

"Those, therefore, are the three stages: understanding (realization), repentance, and then the desire to atone, to make amends, for the wrong done, and to restore more, rather than less, than that which was stolen.

"We can influence others, and the nation of which we are a part, by *being* and *doing* what we know that others should be and do. Three or four of you (and I am hoping there will be more) may serve as a nucleus for the leaven which should leaven the whole lump.

"You have made a good beginning, in so far as you see now that the T.S. in each nation ought to be the articulate conscience of that nation, and in so far as you realize also that Theosophy, instead of remaining an inward abstraction, must be externalized until it controls every detail of our lives. What is the purpose of evolution, if not to bring all outer activities everywhere under the dominion of the Lodge? To speak of Theosophy as 'inward'—if it mean anything at all—suggests that it consists of fine ideas which we need not practise. Any such conception is a mockery, a perversion of spirituality. True spirituality is right action, springing from right motive. Otherwise, what is called 'spirituality' is psychic dreaming.

"Of course the T.S. must not, as a Society, take part in politics. The T.S. in this country, for instance, must not electioneer for the Republicans or for the Democrats or for any other party. The T.S. is far above political parties. But does anyone suppose that it should be indifferent to what is going on in the world, or that its members, at Branch meetings, should limit the expression of their opinions to colourless disapprobation of hypocrisy and of other sins in the abstract? That is not what H.P.B. did, or Mr. Judge! H.P.B. attacked the errors and sins of scientists and of religious bigots, and she named the wrong-doers one after another, from the Archbishop of Canterbury to most of the Professors of her day.

"Palestine, at the time of the Master Christ, was full of politics—the Roman party, the Herodian party, the party of the Scribes, of the Pharisees and so forth. Like the T.S., Christ was far above political parties. But what did he do?—He referred to Herod as 'that fox,' and he denounced the Scribes and Pharisees with loathing and contempt.

" 'In the abstract' means that we should be above personal feeling. Christ did not hate the Pharisees because they hated him, or because they had attacked and insulted him. He hated them because they were the enemies of God. He denounced them to their faces, 'in the abstract,' —that is, collectively; he denounced both their spirit and their practice. He did not have a quarrel with Rabbi This or Rabbi That, but, as a class, he knew they were base, and he said so.

"All of this, and much more regarding the war, both as to facts and principles, you will find set forth in detail, in back numbers of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, now on their way to you. German members should read and try to digest every word of what has been said on this subject since 1914.

"No one, I trust, will be so foolish as to imagine that the past is a dead issue. The past is not dead. The present is the outcome of the past, and the future will be the outcome of the past, modified, for good

or ill, by the present. Enormities have been committed by Germany under the influence of the Black Lodge. To escape from that influence completely, it will be necessary for German members to detach themselves, *thread by thread,* from the delusions of the past. A general and vague turning away will not be sufficient. So long as a single thread remains, evil will be transmitted and blindness will continue.

"Those who from the beginning until now have persisted in believing that Germany is in the right—those who have rejected all warnings and all the instruction offered them—have proved that they have never understood the elements of Theosophy, and that their membership has had no reality. They have put themselves outside the fellowship of those who have pledged themselves to the service of the Masters.

"You speak of 'new and wider views of brotherhood.' You will see, I hope, from what I have written, that these 'new and wider views' are not an innovation. They are the views which those who understood H.P.B. and Mr. Judge have always held. It is evident, however, that the teaching of H.P.B. and of Mr. Judge has been misunderstood in Germany, or in any case has been misrepresented, and that what is needed now is a better understanding of the old teaching. . . ."

So far, the situation, as it concerns the attitude of members of The Theosophical Society with regard to Germany. The lessons are sufficiently clear. The second group of circumstances, on which it is our purpose to comment, has arisen in the Adyar Society, and finds expression in an article by Mr. George S. Arundale, entitled "Why not Reconstruction in the Theosophical Society?"

The article is, in its way, both interesting and symptomatic. But we can quote only a paragraph or two, which seem to carry the heart of the matter. Thus we find the writer saying: "It might be argued that now that the world has responded to the striking of the note of Brotherhood, now that the principle of Universal Brotherhood may be regarded as generally accepted, ought not the Theosophical Society to begin to emphasize the next step—*i.e.,* to recognize the existence of a superhuman kingdom, of which are Those who are the Elders of the human family, who have long ago passed through the stages through which we are passing to-day, and who are the guides and rulers of the world? We might then ask whether the Theosophical Society should not begin to stand forth more openly as a channel between the Elder Brethren and Their younger comrades in the outer world? Might it not be well that we should learn to accept more formally Their nominations to the Presidency of the Theosophical Society than was possible in 1907? Further, might it not be desirable, in view of the above, that we should make each President hold office either for life or, at least, for a term of years longer than the seven which is now the rule? Again, to what extent is it desirable that the President of the Society should have more autocratic powers than at present possessed by the holder of that office?"

It is probable that readers of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY will

regard this curious paragraph first with amazement, then, perhaps, with some amusement, and finally with real indignation, that the high ideals of Theosophy should be so travestied. Briefly, this writer suggests that the existence of Masters should be "erected into a dogma;" that the President of the Adyar Society should be regarded as nominated and kept in office by Masters; and, finally, that this President should have "more autocratic powers."

Can it be necessary to say once more that The Theosophical Society has, and can have, no dogma whatsoever? Adherence to the principle of universal brotherhood, the one condition of membership, is in no sense dogmatic. Or need it be said that the last thing that would be credible of genuine Masters is, that they should permit themselves to be "erected into a dogma?" Finally, nothing is more foreign to the true ideal of The Theosophical Society than its dominance by an autocrat primed with doctrines and dogmas on every conceivable subject under heaven, and indeed extending to the seventh heaven and beyond; having power, one supposes, to impose these dogmas upon the members; for it is difficult to see in what other direction the autocratic powers postulated could be exercised.

It can hardly be necessary to consider these extravagances seriously. But the gravity of the matter lies, in our view, not so much in their having been proposed, as in the favour with which they have been received. Careful study of the subsequent numbers of the misnamed magazine in which this article appears, has not disclosed whether any official action has been taken as suggested; but it has brought to light the startling fact that these extraordinary proposals have been very favourably received.

For example, we find in the July number of the same magazine (*The Theosophist*) a letter, by Mr. D. H. Steward, which speaks with entire approval of "making belief in the Masters an obligatory condition of membership."

We spoke of this strange proposal as symptomatic. The same word may be applied, with even greater aptness, to certain verses which appear in the October number, together with more correspondence gravely approving the dogmas, the autocracy and all the rest. These verses deserve quotation:

> "Yours the clear eyes that see the world's old wrongs;
> Yours the undaunted heart, the endless strength;
> Yours the true voice that through the thickest fight
> Into our very inmost conscience rings.
>
> For you, how feeble are my finest songs,
> However apt, whatever be their length!
> For who am I to net the words of Light
> To praise one chosen of the King of Kings?"

". . . To net the words of Light to praise one chosen by the King of Kings!" . . . It is something of a shock to discover that this is not addressed to Parabrahm, or the Logos, or even a plenary Avatar, but "To our Chief: on the Occasion of Her Birthday!" It is a still greater shock to find the said Chief, as Editor of the magazine, gravely accepting and printing this tremendous flattery. One finds on the cover the honoured name of H. P. Blavatsky; one can imagine the scathing contempt, mingled, perhaps, with Homeric laughter, with which she would have received such a floral offering.

It is related that Joseph of Arimathæa was imprisoned by the Jews because he had begged the body of Jesus after the crucifixion. Joseph afterwards gave the following account of his release from prison:

"On the preparation, about the tenth hour, you locked me up, and I remained all the Sabbath. And at midnight, as I was standing and praying, the room where you locked me in was hung up by the four corners, and I saw a light like lightning into my eyes. And I was afraid, and fell to the ground. And some one took me by the hand, and removed me from the place where I had fallen; and moisture of water was poured from my head even to my feet, and a smell of perfumes came about my nostrils. And he wiped my face, and kissed me, and said to me, Fear not, Joseph; open thine eyes, and see who it is that speaks to thee. And looking up, I saw Jesus. And I trembled, and thought it was a phantom; and I said the commandments, and he said them with me. Even so you are not ignorant that a phantom, if it meet anybody, and hear the commandments, takes to flight. And seeing that he said them with me, I said to him, Rabbi Helias [Elijah]. And he said to me, I am not Helias. And I said to him, Who art thou, my lord? And he said to me, I am Jesus, whose body thou didst beg from Pilate; and thou didst clothe me with clean linen, and didst put a napkin on my face, and didst lay me in thy new tomb, and didst roll a great stone to the door of the tomb. And I said to him that was speaking to me, Show me the place where I laid thee. And he carried me away, and showed me the place where I laid him; and the linen cloth was lying in it, and the napkin for his face. And I knew that it was Jesus. And he took me by the hand, and placed me, though the doors were locked, in the middle of my house, and led me away to my bed, and said to me, Peace to thee! And he kissed me, and said to me, For forty days go not forth out of thy house; for, behold, I go to my brethren into Galilee."—THE GOSPEL OF NICODEMUS (THE ANTE-NICENE FATHERS, VOL. VIII).

FRAGMENTS

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER

"YOU have entered another year,—what will you make of it? Behind lies that old one, so full of strife and confusion and suffering! Well, some day you will see what was accomplished in it. I am satisfied. Building under constant and heavy fire must be slow and difficult. Do not blame yourself for that—nor me! An inch only at a time, perhaps, still an inch gained. Why grumble? The bugle will sound some future day for the cavalry charge you love.

"But stubborn courage through cold and privation tell in the end, like Washington's at Valley Forge, and mark a depth of splendour no brilliant achievement can shadow.

"Do not grow faint-hearted. Money is scarce, and rations are scarce, and the troops are suffering;—brave fellows! That is what *hurts*. Would it be endurance if it were not so really hard? Would it be courage if there were not the sickening fear of the heart? I know your answer, as you know mine—Go on!"

CAVÉ.

In each human spirit is a Christ concealed,
To be helped or hindered, to be hurt or healed;
If from any human soul you lift the veil
You will find a Christ there hidden without fail.

—JALALUDDIN RUMI.

"BY THE MASTER"

ISHA UPANISHAD

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT WITH AN INTERPRETATION

By the Master all this is to be clothed and pervaded, whatever moves in this moving world.

THESE words, like all that is of primary value in the great Upanishads, are addressed to the disciple. For the consciousness of the disciple, the Master here is the Warrior, the consciousness and will of the inner Self. But this consciousness and will is in reality one with the will and consciousness of the Master of that disciple; the will and consciousness of the Logos, as expressed and embodied in that Master.

It is not that the disciple must follow out all his own thoughts and volitions, attributing these to his Master; it is rather that he must, through sacrifice and purification, discern within himself those thoughts and volitions, those intuitions of perception and action which really come from his Master, and seek courageously and with devotion to carry these out, in every task and situation which comes before him. In this way, through aspiration, sacrifice, and devotion, and through ceaselessly valorous action, his own individual nature, the inner and the outer, is to be clothed and infused by the Master.

But the teaching has a still wider scope. He must perceive the Master in everyone with whom he comes in contact. The man or woman or child to whom he is speaking, with whom he is acting, must be for him the Master; he must speak and act towards that person as to the Master.

Does this mean that the disciple must take every word and act of everyone with whom he comes in contact as being the words and acts of his Master? In one sense, yes; but only when the matter is rightly and profoundly understood. The principle of discernment has already been indicated: just as, when dealing with his own nature, he must not take all thoughts and volitions which arise in it as being the thoughts and volitions of his Master; but must, on the contrary, with sacrifice and devotion seek out and discern the Master's thought and will for him; so, in dealing with another he must, with equal sacrifice and courage, with the entire disinterestedness of detachment, seek and discern the Master's thought and will for that person. To put it in another way: he must seek and discern the Master's ideal for that person and work courageously to carry that ideal toward realization. Since the Master has an ideal for each man, woman, or child with whom his disciple comes in contact, both a general ideal reaching toward ultimate perfection

and divinity, and a particular ideal for that time and situation, therefore the Master, as that ideal, is in that person, and the disciple must behold him there, and must act, at once with valour and with humility, on that vision of his Master. Therefore by the Master is to be clothed and pervaded, first the inner and outer nature of the disciple himself; next, the man, woman, or child with whom he is in contact, whether in speech or action.

This appears to be the meaning of the religious injunction, that the disciple must see God in the person with whom he is speaking, towards whom he is acting, whether that person be a superior, an equal or an inferior, a saint or a sinner. There are no exceptions whatever.

Therefore we find a Master saying: I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

This must be carried out, therefore, with the literalness and completeness with which the Master has here stated it. So vital and far-reaching is this principle, that the Master makes it the sole condition of salvation, of spiritual life.

Besides oneself and one's neighbour, there is a third field in which this principle and method must be applied by the disciple: whatever moves in this moving world. All this must be clothed and pervaded by the Master. He must see his Master literally in everything; in the situation, circumstances and events of his own personal life, without any exception whatever; in the situation, circumstances and events of the whole world. It is hardly necessary to say that this does not mean that his own Master actually decides and directs all mundane and cosmic events, in any arbitrary and personal sense. But his Master's consciousness is the expression of the consciousness of the Lodge, of the Logos; his Master's will is the will of the Lodge, of the Logos. And therefore that which is the essence of his Master's will and consciousness does in fact decide and direct all mundane and cosmic events. Further, the disciple has his approach to the will and consciousness of the Lodge, of the Logos, through his own Master. His task is, to endeavour to perceive and to affect all events with the vision and will of his own Master; to become, through sacrifice and devotion, one with the consciousness and will of that Master.

In this way, then, by the Master all this is to be clothed and pervaded, whatever moves in the moving world: first, the inner nature of the disciple; then his neighbour; then all outer events without exception.

Through this renounced, thou shalt enjoy; covet not the wealth of any!

It is curious that this sentence contains the whole problem of the twentieth century, with its solution; curious, since the words were written in Sanskrit not only twenty centuries ago, but perhaps, more nearly twenty milleniums. The sentences of the Lodge are everlasting, and this is one of them.

The whole problem of the twentieth century,—since the vice of the age is covetousness. Covetousness, the angry desire to be in the situation and circumstances belonging to another, whether another man or another nation. But these circumstances, that situation, were assigned to the man, to the nation, by the will of the Lodge, the embodied Logos; assigned to him, not to us. And our situation, our circumstances, were, by the same will of the Lodge, the Logos, assigned to us, not to him; assigned, in each case, because the soul imperatively requires, for its present learning, exactly that situation, those circumstances. The law is as simple as simplicity itself.

But before we can understand this or any other spiritual law, we must first obey it with measurable completeness. We must accept our circumstances, with patience and sacrifice, before we can possibly understand them. In the footsteps of devoted acceptance will come understanding, and this understanding will steadily broaden and deepen, until we see the full purpose of the Master, and why, in wise compassion, he gave us just that situation, just these circumstances.

We must accept before we can understand; and this means the cheerful acceptance of the whole heart, not a grudging, resentful resignation. And we must begin by accepting, as the key of the situation, the centre of all circumstances, the Master himself; each one, the Master who set him in the midst of those circumstances, the reality of that Master, the excellence of his will. We must, if we would make any genuine progress, begin with the Master. Therefore this Upanishad begins with the Master.

There are two false beginnings. To begin with self, means to end in death. To begin with our neighbour, means to end in confusion. We must, if we would begin wisely, begin with the Master, accepting his compassionate will, seeking his purposes that we may fulfil them. To prefer the will of the Master to one's own will in any one thing, is the beginning of discipleship. He who prefers the Master's will to his own will, not only in one thing, but in all, is already an accepted disciple.

Through this renunciation, the disciple will find joy; by preferring, at each point, the Master's will to his own will. Joy, for this reason: the Master's will for him is the will of the Logos, the will of infinite wisdom, infinite compassion, infinite Love. To conform to the purpose of that wisdom, that love, is the very essence of joy. Who could live,

who could breathe, asks another Upanishad, if the heart of Being were not joy?

Exactly the same law is enunciated again and again, by the western Master already quoted: He that loveth his life shall lose it: he that hateth his life shall keep it unto life eternal. To love the personal life, the life of the lower will and inclinations, self-centred and greedy, is to stake everything on that which is already condemned to death. To hate that lower life in us, because of its greed, its baseness, its ruthless readiness to sacrifice others, its vanity and consequent treachery; and, hating that, to love with passionate ardour the will of the Master in us and for us, because of its holiness, its purity, its loveliness, its compassion for us and others, and, even more, because the Master's will is the very essence of self-sacrifice, an age-long offering, in virtue of which alone he is a Master; to love that life with the heart's whole ardour, is already to have a place in eternal life.

Toiling, therefore, here at his tasks, let him be willing to live a hundred ages; thus is it with thee, and not otherwise, nor does work smear and befoul the man.

A word may be said here concerning the real nature of this Upanishad. It is, if you wish, a philosophical treatise; further, it is a Mystery teaching. But it appears to be even more: a ritual or rather fragments of a ritual of one of the great Initiations.

Certain tasks for the disciple have already been outlined in the preceding sentences of the Upanishad. And it has been said that before the disciple can at all understand the inner meaning of any one of these tasks, the Master's purpose for him in that task, he must have carried it through with measurable completeness. So there are, for the disciple of a given stature, in each stage of his journey homeward, a group of tasks, the entire course of spiritual studies and undertakings for that stage or class. Each of these must be carried through with entire faithfulness, with measurable completeness, before the inner significance of the course, and its relation to the whole of divine life, can be understood and seen in the light of illumined spiritual vision.

When the course for that stage and stature is completed, the Lodge takes it upon itself to bring to the disciple the full revelation of its significance, its meaning and purpose in the light of eternity. And this is done in what is at once a Lodge ceremony and a tremendous spiritual experience, wherein the disciple, while taking a part in certain forms and symbolic acts and words, at the same time is rapt into the full consciousness of his own Master, of that Master's Master, and of the whole splendid chain of Immortals, up to, and including, the full divine consciousness of Nirvana. Such a ritual, or a part of such a ritual, this Upanishad would appear to be. It was put in form, no doubt, millenniums ago, before the red Rajput race, who were the possessors of the Mysteries in older India, left their earlier home in Egypt; perhaps before

the race which formed the illumined nucleus of Egypt came thither from still unfallen Atlantis. For, as the realities of the Lodge are from everlasting to everlasting, so are its Mysteries and symbols, its supremely spiritual symbolic ceremonies.

If one keeps in mind what thus appears to be the real character of this Upanishad, one will be better able to understand the full meaning of the verse just translated. From the very inception, the life of the disciple is sacrifice; each step of the long journey is sacrifice; its consummation, the end of the way, is supreme sacrifice. The whole history of that life is told, with the simplicity which comes only from complete mastery, by a Master, in *Light on the Path;* and it is made clear that the first part of the way involves the sacrifice of renunciation, the putting off of the old man, as Paul the Initiate phrases it. The next stage of the way involves the sacrifice of valour, heroic toil, the putting on of the new man; the painful and difficult evocation of the dormant divine powers and faculties, and their application to their tasks; something that can be done only by dauntless, indefatigable will, with boundless courage and faith in one's Master; something that cannot even be attempted, until the first part of the way, the putting off of the old man, has been measurably carried through.

It is easy to see why this is. If the divine forces were evoked, aroused, and brought into activity, while the impulses and substance of the old man remained, this would mean the inflaming and intoxication of that lingering lower nature by these potent forces. The outcome would be the creation of a powerful devil; not salvation, but swift damnation. Therefore such a great part of all published scriptures is concerned with the first part of the way, the stage of painful self-conquest, of purification, during which the whole personality must be dissolved. Only after this has been done, can the disciple gain any glimpse of the next stage of the way. Only after it has been done can the disciple with complete safety learn that there is a further stage of the way.

It should be clearly understood that, while this second stage is one of upbuilding, of the evoking and using of divine forces, it is none the less a way of sacrifice. For an example, to call forth courage from timidity is a peculiarly painful sacrifice, one that is bitterly trying at the beginning. In like manner, to bring heroic zeal in the place of sloth is painful, and always a sacrifice, whether bodily or intellectual sloth be the point of attack. In general, it may be said that the temper needed for this, the second stage of the way, is that of the soldier "going over the top". A part of his nature, a deep-seated tendency or weakness, will be slain in the charge.

But there is a larger sense in which the more advanced stages of the way are marked by ceaseless sacrifice. The advanced disciple and, far more, the Master, must make war on weakness and sin in the world, in others. This cannot be done from without. It must be done from within. The Master must be fully conscious of the sin, the temptations,

of those whom he seeks to help; he must share the consciousness, the feeling, that urges and entices them toward that sin; and thus feeling it, he must combat it by the contrary power in his own nature. It would seem to be this law, this process, that the Buddha had in mind, when he said: "Let the sins of Kali Yuga rest on me, but let man be saved!"

In this sense, therefore, must the disciple be willing to toil through "a hundred ages", taking up, as his Master took up so long ago, that terrible toil which is, nevertheless, a great and ever-increasing delight.

And as the Master, while fully conscious of the feeling of allurement which the sin he is combating has for the sinner, is, by virtue of his inherent purity, free from the least enticement, so must the disciple understand that the great and terrible toil for others cannot lead to impurity, if his own heart be pure.

There is a final and supreme point at which the sacrifice of freely accepted toil, of immersion, almost, in the sins and temptations of the world, must be assumed: when, at the last initiation, the Master puts aside the well-earned peace and silence of Nirvana, and undertakes instead to lift and bear a part of the "heavy Karma of the world". Of every Master at this point it will be true that "he is tempted at all points, yet without sin". The incarnation of an Avatar is the type and symbol, as well as the actuality of this sacrifice, but it is equally real for all other Masters, who remain unseen, in what, for the rest of mankind, is the impenetrable darkness of the occult world.

The Upanishad text continues:

Sunless, verily, are those worlds, by blind darkness enwrapped; they enter into those worlds on going forth—the men who are slayers of their own souls.

As through ceaseless sacrifice the disciple is bringing his soul to life, enkindling within himself the long dormant divine elements, so there are those who, by continued refusal of sacrifice, in fact sacrifice the higher to the lower self, and thereby literally slay their souls. It would appear that every initiation must contain, in its ritual, some such warning of the penalty of failure and betrayal; for the real failure comes only through deliberate sin.

So the disciple, in this initiation which in fact sums up the long path of toil and sacrifice which he has travelled, and at the same time lights up with divine radiance the splendid way before him, is made to see what would have been the penalty of failure, if through baseness he had made the great betrayal. He would have fallen into those worlds, by blind darkness enwrapped, which await those who sin against the light, who are guilty of the sin against the Holy Ghost, the divine element within themselves. Speaking of this divine element, the Upanishad continues:

Without moving, that One is swifter than mind. Nor did the bright Powers overtake It; It went swiftly before them. That outstrips

the others, though they run, while It stands still. In That Matarishvan disposes the life-streams.

At this stage of the initiation, the disciple is being initiated into the consciousness of the divine element within himself, the principle which is called Buddhi, and which may be thought of as the active potency and manifestation of Atma.

It has already become clear that the same law holds good for the initiation of the disciple and the initiation of the Master, once allowance is made for difference of degree. There is one point at which the analogy is completely true, though it may not be always realized: just as there are difficulties and perplexing problems for the disciple, which can only be solved by courage and endurance and humility, and even then solved practically, rather than comprehended, so, on their own evidence, there are difficulties and even insolvable problems for the Masters themselves, which they approach by the same path of courage and humility, finding a working method, rather than a full comprehension. And no matter what lofty peak of spiritual splendour may be reached, the depths of the sky will still be as far above it; there will ever be deeper and greater mysteries.

This is in the nature of things. Sir Oliver Lodge has been quoted as saying that Science asks questions which will never be answered. And it must be so, even when it is a question of the greatest Masters. For it is in the nature of things impossible that Being should go behind Being, to discover why Being is. It is in the nature of things impossible that Consciousness should observe the causes which bring Consciousness into being, or detect the source from which Consciousness springs. That is insolvable and will remain insolvable for ever.

That divine and mysterious principle which lies behind manifested consciousness, and from which consciousness springs, is, in its unmanifested form, ever unknowable. It is in essence one with Parabrahm, the eternally Unknowable. Therefore it is said that this mysterious One is swifter than mind, swifter than thought. However swiftly thought may move, the mysteriousness of the One is there before it; the mystery still remains a mystery. It perpetually outstrips the mind's bright powers. However far the plummet may descend, there are still the unfathomable depths beyond.

But while unknowable in its unmanifested form, the divine element is knowable in its manifested form; Atma is knowable when it is revealed as Buddhi. And in a certain sense it is true that the whole process of initiation is simply the progressive revelation of Buddhi in the consciousness of the disciple. This may help us to realize what a tremendous and vital thing the principle we call Buddhi is.

We know Buddhi, so far, through its two reflections: Prana and Kama. If we consider Prana alone, how immense is its scope, as the sustaining power of all vegetable and animal life throughout the world,

the "vital fire," in its simplest form; yet, though in its simplest form, ceaselessly working miracles.

But what we have now to realize, what the disciple has to realize at the point we are considering is, that all the miracles of the manifested world, wrought out by Prana, the Life-force, are no more than reflections of the real miracles of Buddhi, into which he is now to be initiated by progressive degrees.

It would be well to understand at the outset, that, just as with the seven principles, the lower six are synthesized by the seventh, Atma; so with each principle: it has six aspects, powers, sub-principles, whatever we may agree to call them, which are synthesized by the seventh; these sub-principles exactly corresponding, under the universal law of Correspondence, to the primary principles.

Thus the principle with which we are now concerned, the "divine fire", Buddhi, should be regarded as containing, or consisting of, seven sub-principles, six of which are synthesized by the seventh; this group of seven sub-principles accurately corresponding to the seven primary principles.

The sub-principles of Buddhi have been described as the seven Shaktis, or spiritual powers. For our present purpose, we need only consider the four higher Shaktis: Ichchha shakti, which is the sub-principle of Buddhi corresponding to Kama; Kriya shakti, the sub-principle of Buddhi corresponding to Manas; Kundalini shakti, the sub-principle of Buddhi corresponding to Buddhi itself; and Mantrika shakti, the sub-principle of Buddhi corresponding to Atma, and synthesizing the six.

In a certain sense, the task before the disciple is the evocation of the "divine fire", Kundalini, and the infusion of the principle of Will in him by that divine fire; the golden light mingling with the red flame, to produce the colour of the mystic rose. The fiery aspiration of the disciple evokes the higher celestial fire, and the two blend in one, the holy fire which shall thereafter illumine and enkindle that disciple's heart and life and every act.

This awakened divine fire is intuition, creative genius, the essence of aspiration; it infuses itself into Kriya shakti (the sub-principle of Buddhi which corresponds to Manas), the power of imagination and thought. Imagination then becomes the power to give form to divine intuition and inspiration, whether that form be in words or any other vehicle of representation; and thought, inspired by the divine light, becomes prophetic, formulating the plans and purposes of the Eternal.

This evocation of Buddhi, this arousing of the divine fire by sacrifice and aspiration, is the mystical meaning within the story of Prometheus, who brought down divine fire to men; and Prometheus has his prototype in Matarishvan, the Vedic Prometheus, who brought down the divine fire for the Bhrigus, as told in the sixtieth hymn of the first circle of the Rig Veda.

C. J.

(To be continued.)

ON SERVICE

DEAR——

You ask me what my personal observations were in regard to the inner reactions of men in the Army, their spiritual experiences at the front, the forces impelling them, what they thought and felt. And, knowing that you have read many letters of French priests who were fighting in the ranks, and many other expressions either published, or from private sources, of true realization of the forces that were, and are, actually at war: of utter and joyous self-sacrifice; of inner spiritual experience and conscious nearness to Those in the real world who, too, were fighting and directing—I am horribly afraid that you are going to be disappointed. For of all those with whom I was, or with whom I talked, only one ever mentioned the name of God in my hearing. That was after an air-raid one night at the front, when a German plane, after circling for some minutes round and round directly above the darkened shack in which we were sitting and only about 200 metres up, finally departed without doing us any damage. My immediate superior said to me in the dark: "There is only one reason why that Boche didn't wipe us out as we sat, and that is that God had hold of the situation, and didn't want him to."

An extraordinary record, or, rather, lack of a record. And yet it does not mean to me that our young men did not see visions; that they were not having their inner experiences. Far from it. It meant merely that, save in exceptional cases, they did not want to talk about them, or that they did not know how to put those things into words if they did wish to do so—and that I personally did not encounter any exceptional cases. Frankly, at first I was disappointed, for I, too, had read many such "personal documents" as those which I think you have in mind, and I wanted to meet and work with and talk to men who had so felt and lived and experienced, and who could so express their experiences. But, whatever the reticence and for whatever the reasons, it was speedily obvious that the feeling and the experience were there, that men were being moved by forces bigger than those apparent on the surface of things and that in many cases all that was best in them recognized this fact. When a General at a Brigade Headquarters wraps an exhausted runner in his own overcoat, tells him gruffly to sleep a bit, and rises with a determinedly expressionless face but with shining eyes, it is impossible to doubt that the spirit of real self-sacrifice runs through that Brigade—impossible to doubt, too, that the General in question would rather do anything in the world than talk about it in those terms.

But to digress, to begin at the end of things as it were, there is one reaction which is most unfortunate and unsettling. One of the most surprising things—I was almost about to say discouraging, and yet

it is in a way natural—was to return home to find that six people out of seven with whom one talked were totally lacking in comprehension of the scale upon which our military operations were conducted in France; ignorant of the very whereabouts of those places where the men of our Expeditionary Forces fought and died; failing utterly to realize the awfulness of modern war or what our effort meant in terms of sacrifice, suffering, hardship, sleepless hours of action and work. Some of them could talk of these things for a while with more or less fluency if not with accuracy, for they had read literature of the war to any extent. But they did not have the feel of the thing, they did not *know;* they had been too far away, too safe. And so it was easy for them, within a few weeks of the signing of the Armistice, to relapse into their old pre-war interests and ways of living; correspondingly easy for them, too, as time went on, to be able to talk less and less fluently, to care less to talk at all. And so it has been proportionately harder for each returning combat unit—more than proportionately harder, for those divisions which bore the burden and heat of the day and which were first and longest in the line returned home last,—to realize that those at home were ever alive, to the degree that they were, with real feeling for our effort in France, with true pride and gratitude. It was difficult for them, when they came home, to find everyone insisting on their rights in some form or other, to understand that the country had ever subordinated self to the spirit of obedience and co-ordinated effort for a common cause. Their reaction is obvious, coming as it did months after the let-down from their high plane of effort in the shadow of death, and after unavoidable weeks of boredom in wet billets in France and Germany.

But this is beside the point, in a way: it is not what you have asked about. As our men gave, it seemed to me, so they received, and the more fully they gave, the more they were helped to receive. At first, in the cantonments on this side of the water, they learned to disregard the demands and complaints of the body, to force it to undreamed-of limits of fatigue and endurance, and they found that it would respond and that it would thrive under this Rule. They learned in the Army how to obey, and they learned, too, that it was far easier to obey than it was to try to work things out for themselves, and that life was a far simpler thing from this viewpoint than it had ever been before. They learned to obey, not only when they liked and loved their Commanding Officer, but even when they disliked and hated him, for one of the first things which the elements of our divisions acquired, and very rapidly, was an excellent *esprit de corps*. If the Commanding Officer was weak and inefficient, so much the more reason for the organization to be strong: there was a big job on hand. They gave themselves, in other words, to something infinitely bigger than themselves, at first unconsciously and perhaps unwillingly. But whether they were in the Army because they felt that they "ought to go," or that it was their country's call, or that they were having a part in making the world safe from a beastly thing, or whether, best of all,

they realized that it was a straight fight of good against evil, the Master's fight and His call—for whatever of these reasons they gave themselves, the motive improved and strengthened as they went along.

For little by little they realized, as they saw officers and men continually transferred from one organization to another for purposes of more perfect general co-ordination and higher efficiency, that there was something greater than Regimental, or even Divisional *esprit de corps*. They saw that the General Staff considered the truest interests of the Service as a whole in these transfers, that it was The Army that it had in mind, not its subdivisions or individuals therein. They saw that everyone was a part of a great machine, and that that machine was as strong only as its weakest part. They realized that it really did not matter in the least whether one did a thing oneself and got the credit for it and the ensuing promotion; that the point was that the thing must be done and done well, in order that the Army should do well; and that great things could not be accomplished unless the smaller things which were to lead up to them were done faithfully.

And then, after they had learned these things and some others, the time came for them to go overseas. Most men, I fancy,—certainly all those who had to any degree become self-conscious in the real sense of the word,—said goodbye for good, in their hearts at least, to those whom they most loved, knowing what the odds are in modern war. They gave up, willingly by now and consciously, something more. And then, when they arrived in France, they began to receive still further, in a different way, and in another atmosphere of sacrifice and want and grief and stress—and of smiles and glad welcome.

Nothing will ever make our men forget that welcome, or how the French fought, or that scarred land and those ruined homes, or the spirit of the women, or the pathos of the children. The published reports of the leave-takings when the First and Second Divisions, which had been over longest, embarked for home, made one realize the truth of this, and did much to counteract earlier rumours of dissatisfaction and grumbling in regard to overcharging by the French, for which our men were largely responsible themselves, and in regard to unsanitary conditions in billets, which in the circumstances could not under any conditions have been helped. These reverberations were, in the nature of things, the natural results of plain home-sickness and of general fed-up-ness and boredom as much as anything else; and those same men who are grumbling now will be the first later on, when things fall into the proper perspective, to speak in quick defence of any criticism when France is mentioned in their hearing, and to say, "Believe me, boy, I lived with those people, and I fought with them, and I *know*."

Much has been written about troops in the line, but the atmosphere, the feel, of a great headquarters, that of a Corps or of an Army, has not often been described. As one went up through the forward areas towards the line one became conscious of an increasing "rarity" in the atmosphere,

of a greater tension, of a lifting-up of the whole thing to a plane on which one had not functioned before, but on which it was relatively easy and natural to do so. There was the feeling of things supernatural in the air, that one was entering upon hallowed ground, and it was easy, as the motor-car slipped by woods and forests, to imagine that the glimpses of light against the sky between broken trees were the flashings of wings. These feelings were accentuated at a great headquarters, especially just before an attack; for then the work is being done, and during the barrage and at the jumping-off hour there is a lull until reports come in and further dispositions have to be made. Outwardly everything is very quiet, moves very quickly and noiselessly with no hurry but great speed, and there is no appreciable interruption even during shelling or an air-raid. But always there was the consciousness that the whole thing was being directed and managed from much higher up than from French Great Headquarters. It was impossible to lose that sense of Higher Direction; of great spiritual forces opposed; of joy in heaven over the incipient giving way of the hosts of evil; that underneath and around and above all the pressure and strain and tension and breathless watchfulness was something which sustained, drove, guided, worked in and through those who were there, whether they knew it or not, and because they were there and in a holy place. Something, too, which watched over the complexities of the movements of great bodies of troops (our First Field Army was composed at one time of over one million men), from the time the Field Order was written at the table of the Commanding General; still guiding while it was in the hands of couriers speeding over shell-swept roads and beyond all further human control, on their way to distant points over a vast area; guiding more than ever as it finally went forward to batteries and companies. Something *was* guiding, presiding over the inconceivable confusion, making sure that it got there safely and in time, and that it was acted upon aright by each successive individual. Prayers were being said—and being answered—not only at Headquarters but by the unseen Companions who were thick in the air of those front areas, those who had fought before and were fighting then, with all the forces of the spiritual world to back them.

And they were at Headquarters, too, those Companions, watching, sustaining, directing. It was their Operation, you see, in reality. Men could not have worked as they did, two or three hours' sleep sometimes in four or five days, and worked effectively, without their presence. The physical body would have broken down without their help, especially when, after such strain, an order would suddenly come to go forward for a personal reconnaissance at some doubtful point. More hours without sleep and without food, with great responsibility. (The modern staff is a very different thing from Civil War days.) But the Companions were there, and blessed was he who knew it, for so much the more help could they give.

But you have asked about certain specific things, and this letter has rambled on, resolving itself into a few general personal impressions, and has not really answered your questions. Forgive it, please. For, after all, they can be briefly summed up. As our men gave, they received. And according to the degree of their conscious and selfless giving, other things, too, were added. For to those who came back life will never be the same. There will be a new power and drive and self-confidence in all that they do, a new hardness and a new gentleness, a new understanding of humanity, a new feeling for those whom they love, a deeper consecration to the things for which they offered themselves. And those who did not come back, who gave to the uttermost, whose bodies are lying in consecrated ground, who went up through the dark narrow passage to the larger room where their Captain was waiting for them with a smile—surely they have received beyond all that they could have asked or thought.

Faithfully yours,
STUART DUDLEY.

There are not many happinesses so complete as those that are snatched under the shadow of the sword.—KIPLING.

Would you wish to know if you are really devout? Then take heed of what you lose, what you fear, wherefore you rejoice, or why you sorrow.—ST. BERNARD.

BOLSHEVIK VERSE

"The meanest having power upon the highest,
And the high purpose broken by the worm"—
IDYLLS OF THE KING.

ALL beautiful things are imitated, whether they are nature's or man's—babe's skin or *point de Venise*. Sometimes the imitation is clever, sometimes crude, and sometimes it is malicious. The clever imitator knows the goal of his effort, and uses his intelligence to arrive close to his mark. The crude imitator is usually too dull to know that a fair pattern is being copied—his desire has come to be for high colour, so rouge is laid on thick.

Clever imitations are the more evil. Their perpetrators are clear sighted enough to perceive beauty and its value; and intelligent enough to know in a measure how to produce it. Recognition of what is genuine implies power latent to achieve it; but the imitator refuses to develop his constructive ability. He takes instead, a short cut to a makeshift. He endeavours to arrive with the minimum of outlay. The true artist, on the other hand, starves or freezes and gives his last ounce of energy to bring into expression some further fragment of imperishable Beauty.

During the two decades of the present century there has been forged a large body of counterfeit poetry. As the false coins came from the press, they were thrown aside by those who collect and appraise mintage, watching keenly for new treasures to add to their old. The counterfeit was so crude that no one, it seemed, could be deceived. The pieces were not designed for circulation. They were freaks in verse, done in mockery of a certain public that forever demands something new. The authors, one felt, were practical jokers, hoaxing pretentious and gullible dilettanti. Mr. Edgar Lee Masters and Miss Amy Lowell are the best known of these authors.

People in general are not observant or discriminating. They do not examine their coins. If some one passes a piece to them, that is its warrant. They accept and pass it on. All standards are easily vitiated if the process be made gradual. The standard of taste has thus been vitiated. These verse hoaxes, which a collector would not even assay, have been passed from one to another. Now some have ventured to show them openly as specie of the realm. They may or may not become current. For discrimination between the genuine and the untrue, on all planes, in art, in science, in politics, in manners, in society, in religion (discrimination which is the goal of education), has not been developed in a public that is schooled but not educated,—education, in the process of being spread over a wide surface, having become so thin that it is salt without savour.

Consider a specimen of this verse hoax, seven sentences with the title "Southern Pacific," and printed thus:

Huntington sleeps in a house six feet long.
Huntington dreams of railroads he built and owned.
Huntington dreams of ten thousand men saying: Yes, sir.
Blithery sleeps in a house six feet long.
Blithery dreams of rails and ties he laid.
Blithery dreams of saying to Huntington: Yes, sir.
Huntington,
Blithery, sleep in houses six feet long.[1]

What esthetic, intellectual, emotional, or volitional centre does it reach in a normal human being? The motif of these seven sentences is malice, that is set scheming in the author by his envy and ignoble ambition. We are asked to admire these sentences, and others like them, as representing the present glorious trend of American literature and American life. But America stands for an ideal, while this hoax is not only thoroughly materialist, but (whatever the author's race) thoroughly Jewish. There has been a blurring of racial characteristics in the internationalizing effort carried on by social settlements and kindred organizations during the past thirty years; in the resulting Irish stew the constituent elements are often unrecognizable. Personal mortality, the going down to the grave, the dismalness of Sheol—the consequent necessity of crowding into one's material span whatever is to be possessed, disappointment at what cannot be grasped,—that was the prevalent and dominant Jewish metaphysic. It was superseded by one Fact of Immortality which every individual can prove again for himself by experimentation. But an overthrown concept of metaphysic may survive, and, in this case, does, to influence the course of human conduct. Neither Huntington nor Blithery sleeps in that house. The physical garment of each is buried in a grave. If Huntington dream at all of men it is most likely of their stupidity and stubbornness in hindering his intelligent plans. If Blithery spend one moment of time away from work in thought about his work—it is incredible! Selfish envy prompts this verse imitation—the author's desire to obtain for himself, for his personal comfort and ease, things which were given to Huntington, by the way, as tools,—because he was using his abilities in the cause of civilization. The author disguises his personal interest under care for Blithery. The disguise deceives no one but himself and his kind.

These counterfeiters of verse think to make their way because they call Walt Whitman father. Whitman's place as a classic is established. Passage of years has brought sympathetic critics who have separated his gold from its slag. But they have not made entirely clear the dual nature of his work. Whitman is a poet; but he would seem to be so in

[1] By Carl Sandburg.

spite of himself, the poet in him occupying so small a part of his whole nature. Consider the period, the man's vociferous egotism, his intoxication with the quantitative scale of values, and his revolutionary program.[2] Frankly, it was all that is blatant and repulsive in American life:—an extent of territory and natural resources vaster than any other nation's—therefore a finer civilization than all that preceded. The outworn nations have surpassed us however in their art, their poetry. But none of those old foreign poems, Whitman writes in a final summing up of his work,[3] is applicable to American conditions. Poetry of cosmic significance, he thinks, was not possible until the United States arrived upon the scene of action.[4] Whitman felt himself called to supply the deficiency, to be the great poet America owed to the world. His program[5] was a complete break with the past—to throw overboard the traditions of art handed down from the mediaeval, feudal period, and from Greece. Their art was based upon social and political conditions that America had outgrown. They had made choices. They had chosen certain types of men, heroes and kings; they had chosen certain kinds of acts, romantic and picturesque, for their subjects. In America, democracy had superseded this fastidious method of choice, by making the "average" individual the centre of life. And all the acts of this "average" individual, indiscriminately, were for the poet to sing; there were no longer proper and improper acts, decent and indecent, private and public. Whatever concerned the average individual, brain or belly, that was for the poet to celebrate.

There is the Bolshevist program with its "nationalization" plans! There was the poison about to be printed as the creed of a young nation, the real duty of which was to adhere to the wisdom of the past, to build upon it, and to cradle a new race.

Whitman's break with tradition was complete,—governmental, social, metrical. He would make a new form for himself suitable for his new subject, the "average" man. That form is what is called "free verse." It is known from his central poem, the "Song of Myself." It is a form of vociferation and of cataloguing—of listing, first, all the countries of earth, and declaring that all are equal; then, all the cities, and declaring them all equal; then, all the rivers, all the races, all occupations of men; and everything, everywhere, is equal. Nothing is guilty of the crime of being superior to anything else.

> The blab of the pave, tires of carts, sluff of boot-soles, talk of the promenaders,

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[2] The Prefaces to his different volumes are found, pp. 256-280, in *Complete Prose Works by Walt Whitman*, D. Appleton & Company, New York, 1908.

[3] "A Backward Glance o'er Travel'd Roads", p. 439 in *Leaves of Grass*, ed. Small Maynard & Company, Boston, 1907.

Whitman directed that this comment of his upon his work should be published with the poems.

[4] Ibid, p. 437.

[5] See the Prefaces.

The heavy omnibus, the driver with his interrogating thumb, the clank of the shod horses on the granite floor,
The snow-sleighs, clinking, shouted jokes, pelts of snow-balls,
The hurrahs for popular favorites, the fury of rous'd mobs,
The flap of the curtain'd litter, a sick man inside borne to the hospital,
The meeting of enemies, the sudden oath, the blows and fall,
The excited crowd, the policeman with his star quickly working his passage to the centre of the crowd,
The impassive stones that receive and return so many echoes,
What groans of over-fed or half-starv'd who fall sunstruck or in fits,
What exclamations of women taken suddenly who hurry home and give birth to babes,
What living and buried speech is always vibrating here, what howls restrain'd by decorum,
Arrests of criminals, slights, adulterous offers made, acceptances, rejections with convex lips.[6]

For another typical passage, see the poem, "Salut au Monde" (A Greeting to the World), the lines beginning,

You whoever you are!
You daughter or son of England!
You of the mighty Slavic tribes and empires! you Russ in Russia! etc.

This is not poetry; it is soap-box oratory. But it is Whitman. It is what Traubel and others have in mind when they hail Whitman as poet of democracy. There is more than this, however. There are passages of aspiration, of wisdom, of reverence for religion and all noble things, rhythmical and lyrical passages that are utterly different from his lists of common things and indecencies. How can the poet coëxist with the reveller who is so interested in "the blab of the pave?"

The twofold reflective quality of the psychic plane makes clear the extreme variation in Whitman's writing. "Poets dream," is, if not a proverb, at least a platitude. Arthur O'Shaughnessy, speaking for his comrade poets, writes:

We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams.

Hard-minded people who would wave aside the visions of poets as too unsubstantial for waking life, are deeply mistaken in their narrow ignorance. Those dreams are the images of real things, the eternal realities of the spirit, and the illusory realities of physical matter. Both worlds, the high plane of spirit and the low plane of physical existence,

[6] From "Song of Myself."

are reflected in the psychical plane which lies as a mirror between them. The poet lives in that world of images; its fields are open before him, and, as he wills, he gives attention to one or the other reality. Whitman, from preference, dwelt in the meadows of the lower psychic. From time to time, he made excursions into the higher psychic field.

This accounts for the passages of beautiful but (usually) unsustained rhythm that occur in his writing—passages of sufficient frequency and of sufficient beauty to give him an indisputable place among the greater poets. It means that he caught and transmitted the rhythm of the higher psychic plane into which he was looking, the plane that reflects eternal truth and eternal beauty. Sometimes his contact with that plane would be long enough to indicate the architecture of a lyric such as "Passage to India," and "Song of the Open Road." But, as he works out the poem, his inspiration flags, leaving rough and blank patches. On another occasion, while coasting the border of the two fields, a lovely rhythmical passage (unsustained, however) sings itself out. Such is the salutation to death.[7] There are also a few short poems, complete in themselves without admixture of the lower plane. "As I ponder'd in silence" and "Facing west from California's shores" are examples of this class.[8]

Through excursions among the reflections of the higher psychic plane, a certain amount of wisdom filtered into his egotism and animality. This was not without result, though not the degree of result to be wished from such leaven. Consider the program Whitman outlined for himself in the Preface to his first volume in 1855. Colloquially, it is in the "scream-eagle" style. It is the style of vague, indefinite anticipations, which the League of Nations, and some other official documents of the present day, illustrate. It looks with sanguine eyes to great results ahead. It tells not a single definite step for reaching its goal. Twenty-five years later,[9] while Whitman does not abate his anticipations and indefiniteness a jot, he is able to see difficulties in the way of his democratic schemes that make the accomplishment he desires something of a problem. But he does not attempt to solve the problem. He admits that great individuals are needed to accomplish national results, and he asks: how can great individuals be raised in a perfect democracy which levels all superiorities down to the average man? He has no answer. He sees his country immersed in crude materialism, and pervaded generally by lewdness. He cannot name the first corrective effort that should be made. The unparalleled nobleness which he foretells, seeming to proceed from the actual conditions before him, tends to justify those detestable

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[7] Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each.
Sooner or later delicate death, etc. (From "When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd.")

[8] See Table of Contents in *Leaves of Grass.*

[9] See "Democratic Vistas," pp. 197-250 in *Complete Prose Works.*

conditions. It leads those who approve his schemes to feel that they have already achieved.

Does the duality in Whitman's writing set him apart from other poets? Only in the degree to which he refused to yield himself to the moulding influence of the spiritual world. Poets are mediums; they are not spook-mediums of the seance room, sensitive to astral shells. But they are sensitive in a similar way to higher influences; and facts of the real world are brought within human ken through the poets' agency. The nobler and more aspiring a poet's nature is, the more he submits himself to the control of the spiritual world; his life becomes regulated. There is an advance in his writing from destructiveness and vague generality to a constructive, positive and conservative attitude. Shelley's life and work show such an advance. A poet rarely knows anything of the process taking place in his writing. The truth and beauty which, as a medium, he records, he may come to regard as his truth and beauty. It is rare that a poet medium is found pure enough to transmit facts unperverted. Egotism, impurity of some kind, distorts the truth. In the case of Wordsworth and others, the divine impulse cut as it were a channel in his nature. Wordsworth became aware of the channel, and he would sail through it himself, unimpelled by the divine current. He (and others also), was so blind to the rationale of inspiration that he could not distinguish between the poems written alone, and those written when, as medium, he was in communication with a higher and more beautiful realm. How does Whitman differ from such other poets? Usually the poet receives, together with his impression of beauty, a sense of the sacredness of a trust. He is called to reveal a higher beauty to men. He is to purify himself for that great mission. A feeling of the priest rises in him. Shame for sin overtakes him. It is indifference, heartlessness, even pride and satisfaction in his sin that is deplorable in Whitman. Lunacy is a veil of charity for Rousseau. There seems none for Whitman with his brood of six illegitimate children, left with their mothers to shift for themselves.

"Free verse" is the name used by Whitman's literary descendants to describe their imitation verse form. "Free verse" is a near neighbour to "free love" and other detestable things, that use the word "free," euphemistically, to cover the looseness they really advocate. How significant is Miss Lowell's comment upon the Belgian poet, Verhaeren,—a man in whom the combat of dual natures was also marked. He has written many volumes, lurid, smoky, vague.[10] A few poems and the volume of love songs, *Les Heures Claires* (Happy Hours) will take their place with the true gold that civilization has mined. These love poems (addressed to his wife) are as simple and beautiful as the most beautiful

[10] Miss Lowell's general summing up of Verhaeren fairly represents the taste of all the counterfeiters. They mistake confusion for strength, wrack and ruin for creative power. She comments upon Verhaeren thus: "He is nebulous and redundant. His colours are bright and vague like flash-lights thrown on a fog. But his force is incontestable, and he hurls along upon it in a whirlwind of extraordinary poetry." *Six French Poets*, p. 44.

love poetry in literature. Tears of profound emotion, gratitude, resolution—that is their tone. Read, for example the fifth poem:

Chaque heure, où je songe à ta bonté
Si simplement profonde,
Je me confonds en prières vers toi.
Je suis venu si tard
Vers la douceur de ton regard,
Et de si loin vers tes deux mains tendues,
Tranquillement, par à travers les étendues!
J'avais en moi tant de rouille tenace
Qui me rongeait, à dents rapaces,
La confiance.

J'étais si lourd, j'étais si las,
J'étais si vieux de méfiance,
J'étais si lourd, j'étais si las
Du vain chemin de tous mes pas.
Je méritais si peu la merveilleuse joie
De voir tes pieds illuminer ma voie,
Que j'en reste tremblant encore et presque en pleurs
Et humble, à tout jamais, en face du bonheur.

But in her study of Verhaeren, Miss Lowell mentions with the faintest praise this his best work. "Verhaeren's love story has evidently been tranquil and happy. The poems are very sweet and graceful, but it must be confessed not of extreme importance. They are all written in regular metre, which seems almost typical of their calm and unoriginal flow. Verhaeren does not belong to the type of man to whom love is a divine adventure. He has regarded it as a beneficent haven in which to repair himself for new departures."[11] Miss Lowell is not aware of the unpleasant and immoral implication in her criticism. But others, less reputable, know the fraternal relation of free verse and indecencies; and for purposes of their own, they strive to gain vogue for ideas of unrestraint.

Does not every poet or artist bring his own form with him? In making new rhythms was Whitman more revolutionary than every new poet is? An artist's manner of expression is part of his individuality. It is unlike any other artist's, just as his face and voice are unlike. But all are of a type, and the usual ambition of an artist has been to shine with "new grace in old forms." In the upbuilding process of evolution, a discarding of past experience, a cut across old traditions, a radical casting aside of everything hitherto found convenient, seems like a surgical operation upon the human frame. Whether successful or not, it is an experiment to save an imperilled condition. The arts may come into states of peril, as the body does, where cutting may be necessary to further

[11] Ibid, pp. 44, 45.

the main process of upbuilding. But it is at least unwise to make the medicine of life its daily food. Take an example from painting. Claude Monet paints pictures differently from every other artist—some of his lily-ponds have the charm of life. But why should he take the trouble involved in building up for himself an entirely new method of applying pigment? The picture in the Metropolitan Museum—sunlight on Rouen Cathedral—is a masterpiece, if seen at sufficient distance. But is not that method defective which cannot obtain its result save with distance? If Monet had chosen to train himself in traditional methods, is it not possible that his genius would have won even higher rank than he holds? Granted the success of his experiment—pigment laid on with a knife, so thick that at normal distance the canvas looks more like blobs of paint than a picture, is it anything but an antic? Free verse is a similar experiment. Traditional metrical forms were given new and rich grace by Swinburne, a contemporary of Whitman. Whitman had a Bolshevist nature. He chose to reject experience and to innovate. There is not one of his "free" verses that could not have been put equally well or better in regular metrical form.[12] He discarded tried success for vague possibilities.

Whitman's descendants descend from one side of him only, the lower personality, the crude animal, the ill-bred, blatant villager. He had insisted that the facts of life, and not romance, are the right subject for poetry. His literary sons write about the fleshy facts of life, unradiated by the divine light which alone lifts physical life above the plane of the charnel house. They celebrate

> The carnal buoyance and the common sense
> Of sane and sensual humanity.[13]

All who have read Dante know what a dreadful thing the *Inferno* is. Many people prefer to leave it unread until they have understood something of the *Paradiso* which explains why the corpses are dead in sin. *Spoon River,*[14] and other writings of the kind, are an *Inferno* without any explanatory and relieving *Paradiso.* They are a cynical record of sordid, earthy events, life as it might be viewed from a Police Court, life uninterpreted by the soul—suicide, sexuality, the whole body of death. In carrying out Whitman's ideas, these men and women reach a position of belligerency and hostility against the nation that would horrify his nebulous expectations. Mr. Masters concludes a piece of military portraiture with this hideous treason.

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[12] Consider the second stanza of his well-known "When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd." A good student in a college course on verse forms could (and would be obliged to) work up these lazy broken lines into something that would pass muster.

> O powerful western fallen star!
> O shades of night—O moody, tearful night!
> O great star disappeared—O the black murk that hides the star!
> O cruel hands that hold me powerless—O helpless soul of me!
> O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul.

[13] John Hall Wheelock.

[14] *Spoon River Anthology,* by Edgar Lee Masters.

———bullying, hatred, degradation among us,
And days of loathing and nights of fear
To the hour of the charge through the steaming swamp,
Following the flag,
Till I fell with a scream, shot through the guts.
Now there's a flag over me in Spoon River!
A flag! a flag!

Mr. Wood (Charles Erskine Scott), another counterfeiter, incites to a Red Guard orgy of murder and theft. He tries to invest with heroism men as devoid of heroism, loyalty, and principle as those who organize the industrial strikes of the day.

The victims of the God of Gold
No longer march into his blood-dripping maw.
Their faces are set toward Death.
Their breasts are naked.
They have beaten their hammers and saws into knives.
Their eyes are fixed. They are willing to die.

Death is their drummer, drumming
Upon the unknown graves of the oppressed.

At the front of the terrible army flaunt two great standards,
Writhing like giant dragons above the sea of gray faces.
On one is written, "Justice;"
On the other, "Freedom."

They are written in blood.

The foreigner on our shores, the young Italian draft obstructor (as it is euphemistically phrased), Giovanitti, is another son of Whitman's Bolshevism. He preaches a riot of anarchy as the next step toward the consummation of brotherhood which looms indefinitely in the future.

Arise, and against every hand jeweled with the rubies of murder,
Against every mouth that sneers at the tears of mercy,
Against every foul smell of the earth,
Against every head that a footstool raises over your head,
Against every word that was written before this was said,
Against every happiness that never knew sorrow,
And every glory that never knew love and sweat,
Against silence and death, and fear
Arise with a mighty roar!
Arise and declare your war;
For the wind of the dawn is blowing,
For the eyes of the East are glowing,
For the lark is up and the cock is crowing,
And the day of judgment is here!

Another of this anarchist band, writing in admiration of the passage from Giovanitti says: "It is such a fusing of beauty, belligerence and purpose as upsets our standards and rears one of its own. And if Art cannot make room for the message, it is more than likely that Art will be uncomfortably crowded by a force stronger than itself."[15] That comment is a summons to destroy civilization as Jewish leaders are doing in Russia. It plans the overthrow of all that has with difficulty been achieved by humanity,—the overthrow of order, of morals, of taste.

Miss Amy Lowell is the ablest and most gifted of these writers,—and she is truly gifted. She is cultivated, and draws from past and present, material to be fashioned by her art. Primarily, she is artist, and not, as many of the others, social reformer; though cynicism in her general attitude makes her influence revolutionary in ethics as well as in art. As she is more gifted and more cultivated, her lineage is more ancient than is her associates'. She passes beyond Whitman to De Quincey. In her most ambitious volume, *Can Grande's Castle,* her individual variety of poetic dream shows itself clearly—the drug dream. The four long "poems" that make up the volume are of the genre of De Quincey's "English Mail Coach" essay—an opium symphony formed around an incident. At first, the incident begets images that are entirely spectral; afterwards, as the power of the dream wanes, the images seem more confused by grains of fact floating among them. The book is a kind of poetic interpretation of history. The longest "poem" (one hundred pages) is an interpretative history of the bronze horses on St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice. Short sections of this long "poem" are printed in italics, presumably, because of deeper significance. The following is the italicized section which opens the poem. It is headed "Elements."

> Earth, Air, Water, and Fire! Earth beneath, Air encompassing, Water within its boundaries. But Fire is nothing, comes from nothing, goes nowhither. Fire leaps forth and dies, yet is everything sprung out of Fire.
>
> The flame grows and drops away, and where it stood is vapour, and where was the vapour is swift revolution, and where was the revolution is spinning resistance, and where the resistance endured is crystallization. Fire melts, and the absence of Fire cools and freezes. So are metals fused in twisted flames and take on a form other than that they have known, and this new form shall be to them rebirth and making. For in it they will stand upon the Earth, and in it they will defy the Air, and in it they will suffer the Water.
>
> But Fire, coming again, the substance changes and is transformed. Therefore are things known only between burning and burning. The quickly consumed more swiftly vanish, yet all must

[15] *The New Era in American Poetry,* by Louis Untermeyer.

feel the heat of the flame which waits in obscurity, knowing its own time and what work it has to do.

Can any one tell what is meant, or meant to be suggested, by this flow of words that is reminiscent of science and metaphysics and old philosophies? Does not its style remind one of Mrs. Eddy? And also of the diplomatic correspondence from this country to Germany before war was declared? One's comment upon those notes was: "a fine flow of words but where do they touch fact? Mere rhetoric." Miss Lowell was less restrained by facts than were our diplomats. She has produced rhetorical opium dreams—vapours that float now into one semblance, now another. She calls her form, "polyphonic (many-voiced) prose;" and based it upon the "long, flowing cadence of oratorical prose." We are acquainted with gush of words irrespective of facts from the utterances of our politicians. They have brought oratory into bad repute with us and made us prefer a plain business style. Miss Lowell's drug dreams are not romance. We prefer to them the most matter-of-fact statements about the weather.

Her poetic gift is evident throughout the volume. How like an incantation of the Fates are the lines:

> The shuttle shoots,
> The shuttle weaves.
> The red thread to the blue thread cleaves;
> The web is plaiting which nothing unreaves.

What lyrical quality there is in her Hedge song!

> Hedges of England, peppered with sloes;
> Hedges of England, rows and rows
> Of thorn and brier,
> Raying out from the fire
> Where London burns with its steaming lights,
> Throwing a glare on the sky o'nights.

Can any one explain why Miss Lowell prefers to print such lines, not as we have ventured to arrange them, conventionally, but solidly across the page thus: "Hedges of England, peppered with sloes; hedges of England, rows and rows of thorn and brier raying out from the fire where London burns with its steaming lights, throwing a glare on the sky o'nights." A convention is not a cramping restraint. It is what experience has found a convenient way of dealing with a given situation. If he wish, a man may put on a rubber overshoe next to his skin, his leather shoe over that, and last of all draw on his sock. He may argue that his foot is as well protected as when conventionally clad. But only those who are bursting with self-assertion will follow his example. Miss Lowell's songs are poetic. She would be wise to cultivate her gift in tried methods, not to waste it in foolish eccentricities.

What is true in this respect, of Miss Lowell is true of Mr. Masters,

but reversely. His "verses" are newspaper statements no matter how he arranges them on the printed page.

"Why did Albert Schirding kill himself trying to be County Superintendent of Schools, blest as he was with the means of life and wonderful children, bringing him honor ere he was sixty? If even one of my boys could have run a news-stand, or one of my girls could have married a decent man, I should not have walked in the rain and jumped into bed with clothes all wet, refusing medical aid."[16]

The criticism which contrasts one poet with another only to prove that the second has not the virtues of the first is of little profit. It is destructive, and does not build up taste. One hesitates, therefore, in placing a new writer in contrast with a great poet of the past. But the protection of taste makes it necessary at times. The romance of the commonplace is a fact, though usually religion is necessary to find it. Wordsworth's poems reveal the heroic and romantic in lives that appear dull. We remember the adverse criticism against which Wordsworth had to struggle. It warns us that a new poet could make beautiful verse out of common things, even without the Grasmere landscape as a charming background. But for all that warning, and in spite of cordial consideration, we do not find anything attractive and picturesque, anything that suggests romance and heroism, in such common lines as Mr. Robert Frost's "Cow in Apple Time,"

> Something inspires the only cow of late
> To make no more of a wall than an open gate,
> And think no more of wall-builders than fools.
> Her face is flecked with pomace and she drools
> A cider syrup. Having tasted fruit,
> She scorns a pasture withering to the root.
> She runs from tree to tree where lie and sweeten
> The windfalls spiked with stubble and worm-eaten.
> She leaves them bitten when she has to fly.
> She bellows on a knoll against the sky.
> Her udder shrivels and the milk goes dry.

Nor are Mr. Frost's country people any better than his cow. His two farmers mending a wall may have been picturesque and quaint. Mr. Frost, however, did not find poetic traits in them. He found the

[16] Mr. Masters prints the above thus:

> Why did Albert Schirding kill himself
> Trying to be County Superintendent of Schools,
> Blest as he was with the means of life
> And wonderful children, bringing him honor
> Ere he was sixty?
> If even one of my boys could have run a news-stand,
> Or one of my girls could have married a decent man,
> I should not have walked in the rain
> And jumped into bed with clothes all wet,
> Refusing medical aid.

commonplace. And his boy swinging birches—do we not inevitably contrast him with the Boy of Winander?

> One by one he subdued his father's trees
> By riding them down over and over again
> Until he took the stiffness out of them,
> And not one but hung limp, not one was left
> For him to conquer. He learned all there was
> To learn about not launching out too soon
> And so not carrying the tree away
> Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise
> To the top branches, climbing carefully
> With the same pains you use to fill a cup
> Up to the brim, and even above the brim.
> Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,
> Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.

It is not Mr. Frost's subject that is unfit. It is his treatment; it is himself; he cannot see the romantic.

These writers would like to call themselves Realists—men who think they see the naked facts of life. They forget the subjective element in sight. A man sees in a pebble or a sunset, or an individual or an event, the contents of his own soul—nothing less, nothing more. If he have a soul, and his soul has made connection with the facts of real life in the spiritual world, then he will see all human existence irradiated from the central light. Whatever that real light falls upon will shine, no matter how dull the substance of which it is made. Without that illumination by the soul, all human existence can appear only as decomposing matter. Its institutions, which are instruments to be used for the purposes of the soul, and are therefore venerable, will seem decrepit. Its sacrifices and restraints, imposed for purposes of the soul, will seem outgrown puerilities that thwart self-expression. *Noblesse* and other aspirations and ideals that filter through from the spiritual into the human plane will appear as some form of self-seeking. Materialists with no soul back of their eyes to direct their sight will see nothing noble in life, and will seek from it only opportunities for self-indulgence and self-assertion. They will hate and renounce every restraint upon the false freedom of the lower nature. They will make battle flags and battle cries of free verse, free love, and every detestable thing, miscalled free.

Fortunately the future is open, and the power of choice is indeed free. It is possible for America—or, at least, for a few individuals who are resolved to continue Americans, in spite of the invasion of our country by Jewish and other aliens with degrading materialist aims,—to choose what she wishes to represent her. A great poet does not open a new era; he synthesizes a closing one. Virgil synthesized Roman civilization that had past its midday of effort and had grown palled with over-rich possession. The regret of satiety, the heart-break over fallen things,

lachrymae rerum, these pervade his poetry. Dante synthesizes medievalism, the consciousness of a real world within, which is the goal of effort, and the standard by which all outer things are valued. And Whitman's egotism! it synthesizes the past, not the future. In the light of Russia, and its Jewish tyrants, and its proletariat paradise, can we perhaps see that some of the American characteristics we have hitherto admired are essentially subversive and devilish? There is a village on the Hudson that socially and morally is one of a family of villages, east and west. After several generations of villagers had passed their small sordid lives, some families from the city entered the neighbourhood. These families were aristocrats of an old type. They had wealth, ideals, morals and manners. The servants of these families ventured to join in the public festivities of the village. They were servants, many of them, with twenty years to their credit in one position. They were cleaner than the villagers, more intelligent, and many degrees higher in morals. But the villagers had only one word to receive them—the opprobrious word, "servants". Is there anything that better expresses the attitude of these old American villagers than Lucifer's summing up of the situation at the opening of *Paradise Lost?*

Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.

The anarchists, free verse children of Whitman, synthesize the quarter century that followed his activity. If we are wise, we shall recognize in their debased aims and debased work the logical consequences of their father's depravity. And we shall then make our choice. We shall maintain that the vulgar and immoral side of Whitman represents America at no epoch of her development. And we shall see to it that our part of America for the future makes toward the goal pointed out in Whitman's noble lines:

> Passage to more than India!
> Passage, immediate passage! the blood burns in my veins!
> Away O soul! hoist instantly the anchor!
> Cut the hawsers—haul out—shake out every sail!
> Have we not stood here like trees in the ground long enough?
> Have we not grovel'd here long enough, eating and drinking
> like mere brutes?
> Have we not darken'd and dazed ourselves with books long
> enough?
> Sail forth—steer for the deep waters only,
> Reckless O soul, exploring, I with thee, and thou with me,
> For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go,
> And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.[17]

C. C. Clark.

[17] From "Passage to India."

POSITIVE OR NEGATIVE?

"It would be a mistake to ground our peace on the virtue of others."

THESE words from a book of Meditations gave rise to the query: To what extent is our peace of mind, our inward poise, affected by the attitude and actions of others? Someone is unkind or inconsiderate and selfish, or is cross and impatient. Is our peace thereby affected? The weather is disagreeable, our digestion is bad, the cook has spoiled the dinner. Is our equilibrium disturbed by such trivialities? If so, we may be sure it is because we permit ourselves a negative attitude towards life, instead of maintaining a positive one. We are too often inclined to blame something or somebody for this disturbance of our "peace"; or we may be vaguely conscious that we ourselves are somehow responsible, but we are too indolent or too full of self-love to push the matter further. The consequence is that the majority of mankind spend their days in seeking their "peace" from their surroundings—congenial companions or what-not. In all activities of life, success or failure is attributable to one or the other of these attitudes. The unsuccessful man is timid, weak, vacillating, the victim of circumstances, because of his negativeness, and is inclined to add the fault of attributing his failure to others, or to circumstances, instead of placing the blame where it belongs—upon himself; or, what is far worse, he becomes discouraged. The strong man, the leader among men, by maintaining the positive attitude, is master of circumstances because he is master of himself. The weak nature is the prey of the moods of others; the strong nature is not subject to them. "For any man all those around him are merely looking-glasses. According to his own mood towards them, according to the "face" he makes at them, will be their response. In every man there is good and there is evil; and our idea of him depends on our own power of touching the good or the evil in him. When we make the good in him vibrate, we think well of him; when we arouse the evil, we think he himself is bad." The negative attitude or "mood," therefore, works harm, while the positive makes for good, in others as well as in ourselves. How could it be otherwise when we recall that: "Thoughts are things, they live and pulsate and are unconfined by time or space"?

Another aspect of the subject is to be found in military tactics, one of the fundamentals of which is that the best defence is an attack; and yet another, that the objective must always be kept in mind. It is related of General McClellan of the Union Army in Civil War days that he was of such a cautious nature that he consumed much time in preparing his army against attack, and was continually waiting for more men and supplies before he was willing to take the offensive, and that these interminable delays finally resulted in his being relieved of his command. His trouble was a negative, instead of a positive attitude. He lost sight of his objective—the attack and eventual routing of the

enemy. In striking contrast is the memorable statement of General Grant: "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." No hesitation or timidity here; the strong, positive nature dominated the situation by steady, persistent adherence to a principle.

When we enter the realm of the spiritual world, does not the aspirant for discipleship encounter the same difficulty—more subtle, perhaps, but still the expression upon a higher plane of the same tendency of frail human nature? Instead of drifting with the varying tides of life, he should develop and maintain a firm purpose which will permit no deviation from the path he has marked out for himself, and allow nothing to dissipate his energy. That would be a waste of time, and therefore wrong. How much precious time and how many golden opportunities for service have we lost by allowing ourselves to become side-tracked by the whims and actions of others? The progress of the would-be disciple is not dependent upon others; he should not allow his efforts to serve, to be diverted or perverted by the attitude of others.

He who aspires to discipleship must learn self-reliance, for he must build his character alone, unsupported, and uninfluenced. No one else can do it for him. If he relies upon others for aid, support, comfort, sympathy, or approval, he is not following the road that leads to self-mastery, to ultimate freedom. He may even flatter himself that he is practising detachment, which he cannot do, if at the same time he forget its twin, or positive aspect, recollection. Or, in attempting to rid himself of a fault, he may ignore the fact that his effort in that direction should not be merely a negative process, but that it involves a positive attitude and action. Detachment from creatures and created things, including the personal self with its moods and desires, involves attachment to or identification with the real, or Higher Self, while recollection involves the positive creation or transforming of the personal into the Eternal Self. These are positive acts of the will to make the "steady effort to stand in spiritual being," of which Patanjali writes. Mere animal positiveness, which is so often mistaken for strength of character, but which is nothing less than the utter selfishness and exaggerated ego of the lower nature, must not be mistaken for the positiveness of the spiritual man, whose life and growth depend upon the subjection of his lower, or personal self. With all the powers of the spiritual world to draw upon, the would-be disciple should possess the utmost calmness, confidence, and serenity in the knowledge that he is "immortal, dwelling in the Light, encompassed and sustained by spiritual powers" which he is seeking to make his own. When he thus "recollects" and claims his heritage, his will be the dauntless courage of the warrior, the will to conquer in spite of all obstacles, and unswerving loyalty and devotion to his objective—the service of his Master.

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul." H.

ALSACE-LORRAINE

Part III

Section IV

THERE can be no question of the pro-French feeling of both Alsace and Lorraine to-day. It is too well known, the enthusiastic reception of Allied armies, both during the War and since the Armistice, has been too widely described and pictured, for any demonstration of the fact to be necessary. That there is a pro-German element still existing in both provinces, particularly in the cities, is possible, and even probable, seeing that German immigration has amounted to over three hundred thousand (excluding soldiers) during the past two generations. But *at least* ninety per cent of the indigenous populace, both urban and rural, is to-day enthusiastically and thankfully French.

Likewise, since 1871, that part of Alsace-Lorraine which was forcibly annexed by Germany has given repeated, emphatic, and tangible evidence of its loyalty to France. It is not merely that, since 1871, about 500,000, out of a population originally less than 1,600,000, have left their homes rather than remain under German rule[1]; that "The Legion," France's mutual aid society for retired officers, subalterns and men, numbered 160,000 Alsace-Lorrainers who, since 1871, served in the French Foreign Legion; that all of the fifteen deputies to the German Reichstag time after time were elected for their pro-French sympathies, despite government pressure (1874, 1881, 1884, 1887), and openly voiced their protests[2]; and that where Germany had in 1917 only two officers of sufficient rank to be known, who were of pure Alsatian blood, France had at least seventeen Generals, one hundred and twenty-four Colonels and other officers of rank, and literally hundreds of Captains and Lieutenants. Lorraine contributed at least nineteen Generals, among them Mangin, Maud'huy, and d'Urbal, and the full quota of lesser officers.[3] More than

[1] The German official statistics give only the *excess* of emigrants over immigrants, which from 1871 to 1910 total 267,639. M. Georges Weill has estimated the actual number of native emigrants to number close to a million. H. and A. Lichtenberger in their *La Question d'Alsace-Lorraine*, 7th ed. 1918, p. 18. endorse M. Eccard's estimate of 500,000. The declaration of the "Alsace-Lorraine Societies" puts the figure at "about 400,000 to 1914"; and the French Socialists in a resolution of their congress of 1915, state that "since 1871 up to 1914," 421,000 "have left to establish themselves in France." There were in 1917 nearly 75,000 in the United States. The population in the Reichsland in 1910 was 1,874,014; showing the enormous German immigration, as all foreigners—French, Italians, Swiss, etc., number only some 75,000.

[2] Cf. *Verhandlung des Reichstags*, especially 16th and 18th February, 1874; January 31st 1895; June 13th, 1896; May 7th, 1897, etc., right down to 1914.

[3] In alphabetical order, the Alsatian Generals are: Bourgeois, Burckhardt, Caudrelier, Dantant, de Dartein, Dubail, Dubois, Duport, Ebener, Faes, Galon, Leblois, Camille Lévi, Armau de Pouydraguin, Reibel, Schmidt, Taufflieb.

The Lorraine Generals are: d'Andernay. Bizot, Blondin, Diou, Dupuis, Hennocque, Hirschauer, de Lardemelle, Lecomte, Mangin, Maud'huy, Mauger, Micheler, Poline, Putz, Sibille Trumelet-Faber, d'Urbal, de Vassart.

all that, a minimum of 30,000 Alsatians drafted into the German armies, successfully deserted to the French; and when the French General Staff offered to send these men for colonial service, thus releasing Frenchmen who, if captured, could not be classed by Germany as traitors, not *a single man* availed himself of this safeguard, but insisted on fighting the common enemy. German headquarters took cognizance of these desertions, and regiments from the "Reichsland" were dispersed, sent to the Russian front, and "all Alsace-Lorrainers . . . are declared to be unreliable"[4] states an official army order.

True to type, and in the face of her claims, the actual German régime in Alsace-Lorraine since 1871 has done more to maintain, if not promote, pro-French and anti-German feeling than any similar period of 44 years in the whole history of these provinces. They were not even treated on a basis of equality with other parts of the Empire, but were governed, without any effective representation or power even of protest, by a *Statthalter* (which M. Blumenthal aptly translates "Vice-King"), appointed by the King of Prussia (i.e. the Emperor), responsible only to him, and sole arbiter of the law and its enforcement throughout the "Reichsland." The local senate could neither make nor veto laws; the impotent deputies to the Reichstag were jeered, insulted, and roared at in characteristic Reichstag fashion whenever they spoke; and the three votes conceded to Alsace-Lorraine in the *Bundesrat* (Federal Council representing the chief states in the Empire) were only to be cast as directed by the *Statthalter,* with the naïvely extraordinary proviso that whenever "a favourable majority vote for Prussia cannot be polled in the *Bundesrat* except with the help of the Alsatian vote, those votes will be counted"![5] And it was not merely that there was a studied campaign of suppression of everything French, that the teaching of the French language was forbidden in the schools, local and baptismal names had to be rendered into German equivalents, and all memorial societies for former heroes, shooting and glee clubs, etc., disbanded. This persecution was bad enough. But it was the manner in which these irritating regulations were enforced, which was so German (in its post-War sense). Men were arrested for no reason, and after a night in jail, released; anonymous accusations were accepted as sufficient proof of guilt; an espionage system undermined good faith and all sense of security; and withal, typical roughness, discourtesy, brutality. The result was that even the Germans themselves ceased to marvel that Alsace-Lorrainers did not turn to the Fatherland.

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[4] Official army order of Colonel Von Bibra, 54th Reserve Infantry, 80th Reserve Division, January 25, 1918. Text quoted from Washington by the *Evening Sun,* February 1st, 1918. The preceding figures are quoted on the authority of a French High Commissioner to this country, and from propaganda pamphlets published semi-officially in Paris.

[5] *Alsace-Lorraine,* p. 44, by M. Daniel Blumenthal, former Mayor of Colmar and Deputy to the Reichstag. An excellent sketch, by an ardent patriot, of Alsatian history and feeling. M. Blumenthal has been condemned to death eight times in German courts for treason to the Imperial German State, and has received sentences of more than five hundred years' imprisonment and penal servitude for the offence of speaking the truth about his fellow-countrymen.

German admissions of this fact have a peculiar importance in view of German claims. It is not merely that the prefect of Berlin's police, Von Jagow, wrote about the Saverne outrage, in January, 1914, that "Germans in Alsace-Lorraine should consider themselves as 'in an enemy country'"; or that when hostilities broke out, German officers ordered their troops to load their guns when they crossed the Rhine into Alsace-Lorraine, for the same reason.[6] The *Cologne Gazette* for the 8th and 9th of March, 1916, in concluding that the only way to Germanize Alsace was to annex it directly to Bavaria, said: "At the present hour, Alsace-Lorraine is not a German country," and it further speaks of "the antipathy of Alsace-Lorrainers for Germanism." The attitude of a Mr. Emil Degener-Böning, from south Germany, quoted at length by the *Journal d' Alsace-Lorraine,* January 21st, 1914, under the title "A German voice on Saverne," expresses neighbouring German opinion, and can be summarized by one of his own sentences:—"The country has become German, but the spirit of the people has remained French, and Alsace-Lorraine has revolted against the violation of her rights. This has not been an open resistance or revolt. What could she do against the millions of German bayonets? Interiorly, she has organized a passive resistance; it has been the spirit against the might of the sword."

These German admissions are drawn from the public press; but there have been many confirmations in official and semi-official utterances. Prince von Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst, *Statthalter* from 1887 to 1894, who replaced the affable and considerate Manteuffel with direct instructions from Bismarck to undertake a rigorous "Kulturkampf"[7], writes to the Conference of Ministers on the 27th of October, 1887, that "We cannot deny that we have had great unrest this year in the country"[8]; and on the 8th of May, 1888, in his Journal, "It seems that at Berlin [i.e. Bismarck] they have been asking for so many vexatious measures in order that the inhabitants of Elsass-Lothringen should be made desperate and driven to revolt, so that then they can say that the civil administration has been worthless, and that this lamentable state of affairs must be cleared up. Thereupon the civil authority will pass to the Commanding General, and the *Statthalter* must step down."[9] Deputy Jacques Preiss from Strasbourg, who said of himself to the Reichstag in 1895 that "I belong to the younger generation," nevertheless added: "But I must say that if a freer régime is not introduced in Alsace-Lorraine, then the young generation will always oppose German assimilation more and more strongly. We young fellows, we are not of the generation of 1870, which on account of the Option, and through emigration, has suffered so great a decimation of exactly those elements which are most steadfast and unresisting. . . .

[6] See, for instance, the Paris *Le Journal,* September 19th, 1917.

[7] "Jetzt würde das ohne Kulturkampf nicht möglich sein". P. 409, vol. II, *et seq., Denkwürdigkeiten des Fürsten Chlodwig zu Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst;* a letter from Bismarck in 1887 He is frequently praised by Bismarck for his firm hand.

[8] Op. cit., p. 427.

[9] Op. cit., p. 432.

If, Gentlemen, you do not introduce a more liberal régime, you will find by experience that a much more energetic opposition against an inner fusion will arise out of this young generation than has been the case since 1870."[10] The testimony of German immigrants themselves could be added to show that they found the governing system in Alsace-Lorraine intolerable. The sum of these converging lines of contemporary testimony is unanswerable, because it is absolutely voluntary and spontaneous. It cannot be denied.

The burden of proof in every case, on every side, rests with the Germans. The German thesis, the German claims, were founded on lies, and for the most part, deliberate, conscious lies. There is no further need to prove the facts as far as modern events go, because the War, and the actual, contemporary course of events, carry their own proof in themselves. It is not a complicated question of historic interpretation, for instance, that the old French department of Bas-Rhin in Alsace has asked Clemenceau to run as its candidate for the Chamber of Deputies (October, 1919.) It was Clemenceau, who, with Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc, and thirty-three republican deputies, met the day after the famous session of the National Assembly at Bordeaux (February 18th, 1871), which within two weeks was forced to disannex the provinces, and addressed to the protesting Alsace-Lorraine deputies one short, poignant paragraph of sympathy. These latter had maintained that "France cannot consent to, nor sign, the cession of Lorraine and of Alsace"; that "Alsace and Lorraine refuse to be alienated"; that they "protest vehemently against all cession. France cannot consent to it. Europe cannot sanction it. Believing this to be true, we take our fellow-citizens of France, the governments and peoples of the whole world to witness, that in advance we hold as null and void all acts and treaties, votes or plebiscites which shall consent to the abandonment of the whole or a part of our provinces of Alsace and Lorraine in favour of foreigners."[11] Clemenceau and his friends replied, "Like you, we consider beforehand as null and void any act or treaty, any vote or plebiscite, approving the cession of any portion whatever of Alsace or Lorraine. Come what may, the citizens of those two countries will remain our fellow-countrymen and brothers, and the Republic promises them to uphold that claim forever." No wonder, despite the 48 years that have intervened, the repatriated Alsatians to-day ask Clemenceau to represent them before France, and before the world.

To write, therefore, a history of Alsace-Lorraine to-day, which tries to prove that the peoples of these provinces were and are German, is simply to romance. There is no foundation in fact; there is no *history* to be written on any such thesis. The proof is in the outcome. Alsace and Lorraine are French because they want to be. Alsace and Lorraine are French because they know that they are a part of the soul of France,—

[10] *Verhandlung des Reichstags*, 1894-95, I, January 31st, p. 622, A & B.

[11] *Annals of the National Assembly*, I, p. 61, and *Journal Officiel*, 22 February, 1871; third year, No. 53, p. 109.

and that France knows that they are one with her. What did M. Viviani mean when he declared of Alsace-Lorraine, before the French Senate, June fifth, 1917, that "She is an integral part of our soul"? The French understand what this means; and the fact that Alsatians and Lorrainers have placed their reliance on this spiritual bond, and, in official documents and through official representatives, have maintained "the inviolable right of Alsatians and of Lorrainers to remain forever members of the French nation,"—by this assertion of a spiritual fact, and by adherence to it, they have proved that they know whereof they speak, and have established the validity of their claim.

The growth of this union with France, which might more properly be called a reunion, stretches back over eleven centuries. That the real France was born in the Greek and Roman period, and came to a relatively full and conscious maturity about the time of Philip Augustus, seventh Capetian, has already been suggested in the preceding section. From the break-up of the Carolingian Empire, Alsace and parts, at times most, of Lorraine, were split up under alien rulers, and were only occasionally in direct touch with the French centre. But despite German claims to the contrary, one can trace to an extraordinary extent, considering the actual crudity if not barbarity of the times, the same conception of a national being, of a spiritual entity—France, the old "regnum Francorum,"—to which Lorrainers, and, later, Alsatians openly proclaimed allegiance. And this openly avowed allegiance is attested by the strongly marked French influence, and reciprocity with things French, that is not only self-evident in most of Lorraine,—which has always retained a preponderance of French civilization and French speech,—but even in so-called German Alsace, where, through the German-seeming medium of the Alsatian dialect, the spirit of French ideals and culture shines as clearly as Alsatian architecture found its models in Gothic cathedrals, or Alsatian scholarship received the bulk of its training in southern universities.

The progressive recognition of a French national being, to which Alsatians and Lorrainers wished to belong, and the growth of the pro-French tendencies of both peoples, is a matter for historic research. It cannot, however, be an academic question, because where certain results are already known, the causes of those results have a predetermined sequence. No arguing to the contrary can disprove the fact that Lorraine and even Alsace are French. And whatever forces acting against that result may be advanced by the German thesis, those forces were not decisive, and therefore were not the causes which produced that result. Other causes, and pro-French causes, must have been at work; and in any estimate of the relative effect of pro-French as against pro-German influence, the ultimate outcome must never be forgotten;—that Alsatians and Lorrainers are to-day French.

It is exactly for this reason that the history of these two peoples is so interesting. Their history proves that the spirit prevails over mundane affairs. Because for so many centuries France was divided against itself

or conquered by the English, and because these border peoples were repeatedly overrun by German kings or bandits, forced to learn their language, and in great measure dependent on them for what little safety or culture they could obtain, all the external material circumstances were against their ever becoming French. But the hearts of men are not bound by material circumscriptions; human preferences often have no rational explanation, and perhaps no amount of alien oppression can alter the actual texture of the soul.

The peoples of Alsace and Lorraine were French, loved France, and often hated the Germans. From the time when the Bishops of Metz and Toul in 1146 "could not abide the Germans"[12], until now, there has been that feeling on the part of Lorrainers. In Alsace, the exigencies of conquest and isolation caused the people to evince an intense local patriotism. Hardly less than the Swiss did the Alsatian cities and bishoprics maintain indigenous independence; and the Decapolis of free cities, the constant rebellion against Hapsburg interference, and the virtual emancipation of all the feudatories under nominal allegiance to the Holy Roman Emperor, proved the temper of the inhabitants. "To deny to the Alsatian populations, the existence in the past,—even the most remote past—of an Alsatian patriotism, of a common national consciousness, is an historic mistake just as serious as to refuse to acknowledge the intimate affinities which united the Alsatian spirit with the French spirit"[13], says M. Flach.

Therefore, when Alsace, after seven centuries of vicissitudes, voluntarily, piece by piece, opened her doors to Louis XIV, with some reluctance to lose her autonomy, but with an overwhelming recognition of her French affiliations, there is an even stronger right on her part to maintain her nationality. This is repeatedly emphasized by Alsatian orators and writers. Just as a convert is always an enthusiast, so Alsace, long alienated, awoke to her true inheritance, recovered the full sense of her former union with France, and wished or willed herself into the French national being. Victor Hugo's words might fitly apply to her:

". . . Ah! Je voudrais,
Je voudrais-n'être pas Français pour pouvoir dire
Que je te choisis, France, et que, dans ton martyre,
Je te proclame, toi que ronge le vautour,
Ma patrie et ma gloire et mon unique amour!" [14]

The true history of the Alsatians and of the Lorrainers, therefore, lies in their inner attitude, in their inner development, more than in a simple labelling of any particular régime, of any one treaty, or of any individual ruler. Above all, if we find that a French ideal exists at a

[12] *De Ludovici VII Itinere*, Odonis de Dioglio; *Pat. Lat.*, vol. 1852, col. 1218.
[13] Op. cit., pp. 89-90.
[14] Written December, 1871. "Ah, I would desire not to be a Frenchman so that I might be able to say that I choose thee, France; and that in thy martyrdom I might proclaim thee, whom the vulture devours, my native land, my glory and my only love."

time when outer political events are under German control, it would be well to pause and attempt to estimate truly the actual determinative strength of this ideal. In Lorraine that ideal ran like an undercurrent throughout the upheavals of the Middle Ages, and effectively restored the province to France in the 16th century. It has been asserted by competent historians of Lorraine that not a single one of her local charters admits the claims of the Austrian Emperors; while there are a long series of formal recognitions of the ancient, hereditary claims of the French kings, which were frequently sustained by popular elections, and deliberate reversions to the French crown. Jeanne d'Arc, saviour of France itself, was an epitome of the mediaeval Lorraine spirit.

In Alsace, where the French affiliations suffered greater ruptures than in Lorraine, the people themselves evolved ideals and principles which, when they found themselves once more united to France, proved to be identical with, or complementary to, those of the French. An almost immediate fusion took place; and in two generations Alsace was French to the core. Perhaps the climax to this predisposed harmony was the Revolution, when France departed so radically from traditional ideals. Alsace was the stanchest of the new Republican communes, defended herself and France vigorously against the opportunist invasion of Imperial Austria, and showed that she had broken entirely with her former masters, and had bound herself indissolubly to France. As Fustel de Coulanges wrote in 1870, "Since that moment, Alsace has followed all our fortunes; she has lived our life. All that we think, she thinks; all that we feel, she feels. She has shared our victories and our reverses; our glory and our faults; all our joys and all our sorrows. She has had nothing in common with you [i. e. Germany]. To her, France is the native land. To her, Germany is the stranger." [15]

It is impossible in the compass of a magazine article to outline, even, the causes, the tendencies, the attractions and understandings which led up to any such final attitude. The proofs lie only in the accumulated evidence of innumerable events; and, particularly as regards Alsace, lie below the surface. It is for this reason that no true history of either province can be limited to political sequences, wars, dynastic upheavals, and religious controversies, which make up so much of the material for average studies. It is not sufficient for German historians to proclaim that Alsace was a feudal appanage of the great mediaeval German Empire (they mean the Holy, Roman, Austrian, Hapsburg, Empire), and therefore necessary to the well-being and completeness of modern Prussia, because an *urdeutsch* possession. The determinative factors, even under Hapsburg suzerainty, were the feelings, aspirations, ambitions and culture of the people themselves. M. Rodolphe Reuss, already cited in the course of these pages, has made an exhaustive study of probably the most critical century of Alsatian history—the seventeenth; when Alsace,

[15] *Questions Historiques*, p. 509—"L'Alsace, est-elle allemande ou française?" Cf. R. Reuss, *L'Alsace au XVII^e siècle*, vol. II, pp. 599, ff.

devastated by the Thirty Years' War, was first protected, then annexed, and finally rehabilitated, and made "infinitely more happy" [16] to use his phrase, by France. And he has filled fourteen hundred small-type pages with an enormous mass of detail on "the geographic, historic, administrative, economic, social, intellectual, and religious," phases of this one century. Since that time Alsace formed an integral part of France for two hundred and twenty-three years,—till 1871; and there was never any questioning of its homogeneity with France during all that period. Before the Treaty of Westphalia (1648), "the origins" of French influence, as M. Reuss himself says, "have not yet been sufficiently studied in an impartial and critical manner up to this time." [17] The reason is, I think, because so much of the tie that bound the smaller Alsatian personality to the larger French soul was an instinctive thing, having its roots in the long-past history of the two peoples, and depending much more on a sense of the fitness of things than on purely material considerations. There is much that is characteristic and distinct from the France of Paris, let us say, or of the Loire country, in the Alsatian. There is much that is very Teutonic in form and manner. But, as German observers themselves admit, Alsatians have after forty-four years of attempted Germanization, become necessarily German in outer form, but "the spirit of the people *has remained* French."

That admission is the true interpretation of the Alsatian. Despite his dialect, which he insists is a language just as national as Provençal or Breton, and is not German [18]; despite his infiltration of German blood, despite his German ways, despite the many evidences of a Germanism which to-day has been studiously inculcated by a diabolic tutor, the Alsatian is heart and soul French.

If the Alsatian, if the Lorrainer, have proved through two hundred and fifty years of intimate contact that they were entirely content to remain a part of France; if they protested against a forced annexation to Germany, maintaining their "inviolable right" to remain forever what they were—i. e., French; if during forty-eight years of captivity and estrangement, in the face of many material advantages to the contrary, and with no tangible hope of return to the former happy state, they still held fast to the ideals, the standards, the culture and the spirit of their French days; and if, finally, they have fought beside the French in this War as for a war of liberation, and, with victory achieved, have returned to the mother country with thankful hearts and a mutual understanding of all that has been suffered, too deep to find adequate expression even in shouts or tears,—why should the world doubt that Alsace and Lorraine not only should belong to France, but are French?

ACTON GRISCOM.

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[16] Op. cit., vol. II, p. 594.

[17] Op. cit., vol. I, p. 42.

[18] A well-attested story relates that an Alsatian peasant, travelling in a strange part of Alsace, asked his way of a German, naturally in the one language he knew—Alsatian. "Nix parler français" was the reply!

IS "TIME" A DIMENSION OF "SPACE"

LET us come gradually to this knotty question, using a series of familiar references as stepping-stones. To begin with, readers of *The Occult World* will remember the Master K. H. saying: "I feel even irritated at having to use these three clumsy words—past, present, and future. Miserable concepts of the objective phases of the subjective whole, they are about as ill-adapted for the purpose as an axe for fine carving." The commentator on Patanjali, who uses this quotation to illustrate and illumine the thought of the twelfth Sutra of the fourth book, somewhat irreverently surmises that there must be something woefully wrong with words that can so far disturb that high, urbane serenity.

The Sutra in question is translated thus: "The difference between that which is past and that which is not yet come, according to their natures, depends on the difference of phase of their properties;" and there is a certain fitness in quoting, as a commentary on this, the letter of a Master who is, in a sense, the spiritual grandson of Patanjali.

The next reference, the next stepping-stone, is the clear affirmation, by the Master who inspired *Light on the Path,* that certain of the wiser men of science are the veritable pioneers of humanity, and are breaking down the wall between the manifested and the occult worlds. Add to this many definite indications in *The Secret Doctrine;* for example that the philosopher Leibniz has, in certain of his speculations, come exceedingly close to the true occult principles.

This series of stepping-stones is intended to lead up to the thought that, in the last ten or fifteen years, pioneers among the men of science have made remarkable progress toward solving the age-old enigma of "Time," and have gone some distance toward dispelling the mists of "past, present, and future," which arouse the indignation of the august author of *The Occult World* letters.

Notable among these recent semi-occult speculations is the so-called Theory of Relativity of the physicist-philosopher Einstein, who appears to be a congener of Leibniz and to possess the same deep and penetrating insight into cosmic riddles. But before we try to illustrate Einstein's theory, it may be well to use some simple facts that will lead up to the deeper mysteries.

A recipe in a once famous cook-book began with the words "Take a hare!" And this long ago gave rise to the proverb: "First catch your hare and then cook him!" We shall begin in some such way: Take a foot-rule! And we seriously advise every reader who is interested in solving the enigma of Time to make the experiment.

Well, take a foot-rule and a bucket of water. The foot-rule is graduated from 1 to 12 inches. Hold the foot-rule upright above the surface of the water in the bucket, with the 1-inch end near the surface. Still holding the foot-rule perpendicularly, lower it gradually till its end just touches the water. If we suppose the surface of the water to represent consciousness, then, as the foot-rule just touches the water, this consciousness will become aware of it.

Let us consider first the edge of the end of the foot-rule, and, of that edge, the side on which the inch-marks are printed. The edge of the water along that edge of the foot-rule is a very short straight line; it has extension in one direction only: the direction of length. It is a short line of consciousness, just as the slit of the spectroscope is a line of consciousness.

Continue to plunge the foot-rule directly downward into the water, holding your attention on the short line of water past which the inch-marks are descending. If we think of that line of water as a one-dimensional perceiving consciousness, it will be conscious of one inch-mark after another, perceiving successively all the inch-marks from 1 to 12.

For that one-dimensional consciousness, there will have been a series of successive impressions, twelve in number; and its concept of the foot-rule will be a series of consecutive marks, spread out through a certain period of time: the time which it has taken you to plunge the whole length of the foot-rule into the water. In other words, what you are thinking of, and perceiving, as a foot-rule, a linear foot of "space," will be represented in that one-dimensional consciousness as twelve equal periods of "time." Your space-consciousness will, in his one-dimensional mind, be represented as a time-consciousness. And he can gain an impression of linear space, length, the kind of space you measure with a foot-rule, only in terms of time, in terms of a series of successive impressions spread out through time.

Now let us suppose his consciousness to expand. Instead of being represented by a line on the water, let it be represented by the whole surface of the water as a perceiving surface; just as the retina of the eye or the skin of the palm is a perceiving surface.

The surface of the water, then, represents consciousness with two dimensions; not only the first dimension, length, but the second dimension, breadth also.

Now take the foot-rule and hold it horizontally over the water, with the edge containing the inch-marks close to the water. Gradually lower it to the water until the whole series of inch-marks are just immersed. The consciousness represented by the surface of the water can now perceive the whole series of twelve marks at the same time. What was before a series of consecutive impressions of the twelve inch-marks, is now a single simultaneous impression of all the twelve.

This would all seem to be quite simple and elementary. Yet it is the key to the whole mystery. The addition of a new dimension of consci-

ousness, the passage from line-consciousness to surface consciousness, has transformed a time-impression into a space-impression. What was before successive, containing the element of duration, is now simultaneous, with the element of time eliminated.

One step more: instead of a foot-rule, take a walking-stick, hold it upright over the water and plunge it downward as before. The two-dimensional consciousness represented by the water-surface will perceive a circle, corresponding to the cross-section of the stick where it passes from the air to the water; and, as the stick is plunged down, a series of circles will be perceived, following each other in time. If there be a mind behind that surface-consciousness, then the stick will appear in that mind as an almost endless succession of circles, separated from each other by the element of time. That mind will not be able to gain any idea of the stick except as a succession of circles, with the element of duration holding them together. But *you* can see the whole stick at once. With your three-dimensional perception, you receive a single, simultaneous impression of the whole stick, its length, its shape, its solidity. Your space-perception takes the place of the time-perception in the mind of the two-dimensional perceiver.

In each of the two illustrations,—the foot-rule and the walking-stick—the addition of a dimension to the perceiving consciousness has transformed a time-perception into a space-perception; what appeared as a succession in the lower-dimensioned consciousness, appears as simultaneous in the higher-dimensioned consciousness.

We can now come a little closer to Einstein. The writer of this note has not yet had the opportunity or the time to plunge deeply into the writings of Einstein himself. For the present, he is under obligations to an able article in *The Evening Sun,* by Isabel M. Lewis, who is connected with the Nautical Almanac Office of the United States Naval Observatory.

A quotation from this article may be more intelligible, because of our illustrated prelude:

"Following upon the failure of physicists to define the velocity of the earth relative to the ether by experimental means, Einstein announced his hypothesis that it is an impossibility to determine by physical experiments the velocity of the earth relative to the ether; moreover, that an immobile or rigid ether is unthinkable, and that there is no such thing as absolute velocity through space for any body, and that measured time and space do not exist as independent and self-contained concepts, but are always conditioned by the phenomena that they are used to describe.

"It is this phase of the Einstein theory that makes it expressible in terms of the fourth dimensional calculus of Minkowski wherein the distinction between space and time vanishes. The two become complementary and inseparable and cannot exist independently any more than the two components of a force can exist by themselves. They are simply two aspects of a greater construct or entity."

All this is, of course, very incomplete so far; but it is eminently suggestive, and indicates that the scientists who are following this line of approach are already touching the confines of the occult world, citizenship in which, as we have seen, arouses a certain irritation with the conventional view of "time."

But let us try to illustrate the matter a little further. We have already taken illustrations that involve space of one, two and three dimensions; let us push on, and see what will happen, if we bring in a fourth dimension in exactly the same way.

First, let us try to explain the term "fourth dimension."

A straight line on a sheet of white paper represents space of one dimension, length only. It is created by the movement of a point, which has no dimension but simply position; in the case of a ruled pencil line, it is created by the movement of the pencil-point along the edge of the ruler. Now draw on the paper a perpendicular to this line. You have at once a second dimension or direction of space. And the two straight lines together define the surface of the paper, its position as a two-dimensional space, having both length and breadth. Now stand the pencil upright at the point where the two straight lines meet on the paper; this immediately gives you a third dimension or direction of space: height added to length and breadth. You can only stand the pencil upright on the paper because you are able to act in space of three dimensions.

To go back a little. The straight line is space of one dimension. A perpendicular to this line enters space of two dimensions. The surface of the paper is two-dimensional space. A perpendicular to this surface—the pencil set upright—enters space of three dimensions. If we follow the process one step farther, we shall see that a perpendicular to a three-dimensional space, a solid, must enter a fourth dimension or direction of space. The term, fourth dimension, means no more than that.

But you may object that all this is easier said than done, and that a perpendicular to a solid is unthinkable. But is it so in reality? Let us answer that by trying to think of it.

While reading this, you are probably in a room with four walls, a floor and a ceiling: a typical space of three dimensions. Raise your eyes and look at the wall straight in front of you. The line of your glance is a perpendicular to the surface of the wall, which is a two-dimensional space. Look in succession at each of the four walls, and then at the floor and ceiling. In each case, your line of sight is a perpendicular to that surface. You have half-a-dozen perpendiculars, one for each of the bounding surfaces of your three-dimensional space.

Now close your eyes and think of the room. Imagine it out, with its four walls, its floor and ceiling. You will find that you have in your mind the picture of all six at once; you can mentally look in all the directions at once, and visualize the whole interior of the room. Your mental glance or line of sight is, therefore, perpendicular, not to each

of the six surfaces in succession, but to the whole room. It is just the perpendicular to a three-dimensional space, for which we have been looking.

Now, unless you are reading in a garden-house—improbable in January—there is a second room, next to the one you are in. If you are familiar with it, you can, while sitting in your own room, form a mind-picture of the second room also, with its four walls, ceiling and roof. You can, from the centre of your thought, draw a perpendicular to that three-dimensional space also. And you can quite easily think of the two interiors at the same time, superimposing one room on the other, and thus being "in two places at the same time". Or, as the *Dream of Ravan* puts it, "Without moving is the travelling on this road . . . Thou shalt experience it!"

To go back a little: When you stood your pencil upright on the paper at the point where the two straight lines meet, the pencil was perpendicular to both lines. And you could, from that point, draw straight lines in every direction of the compass—in strictness, in an infinite number of directions—and your pencil would be perpendicular to them all. In just the same way, you can, sitting quietly in your room, call up the mind-pictures of as many rooms as you please, and look into them all: that is, you can, from the point of your thought, draw lines of sight to each of the rooms, lines which will be perpendicular to all of them at the same time.

It would appear, then, that our reflective mind-operations are habitually four dimensional, and conform to the conditions of a space of four dimensions. Take, for instance, memory.

Bergson showed conclusively, in the book translated with the title *Matter and Memory,* that it is foolish to think of mind-pictures as being lodged in the physical substance of the brain. He gets them out of the brain, but he does not make it wholly clear where he gets them to. It would seem to be quite evident that they are in a four-dimensional picture gallery; and, therefore, each of the innumerable rooms in that gallery is as near to you as any other, so that you can look with equal ease at any picture, on any wall. Speaking three-dimensionally, all the mind-images are in the same place. But speaking four-dimensionally, they are ranged in admirable order, so that you can immediately pick out any one.

Take a kind of mind-picture that is easily counted—a word. You know a great many thousand words in your own tongue, familiar, literary, scientific and technical words. Each one is as near your vocal perception as any other. They are ranged in four-dimensional order. If you learned a dozen languages in addition to your own, it would be just the same. Each of several hundred thousand words would be equally near the focus of your consciousness.

So it would seem that we are familiar with the fourth dimension, though we may not have recognized the fact. Our minds are there

already. If we could drive inward, into and through the mind, so that the mind might be external to our consciousness, as the body now is; the mind would then be a kind of body, or, to put it otherwise, we should be in possession of a mind-body, in which we could quite easily do four-dimensional things like being in two places at once. Perhaps that is what the *Dream of Ravan* is suggesting.

Now let us go back again, and try to get a further hold of the time-space problem. You are at present at a certain point on the surface of the earth. The diurnal rotation of the globe from west to east causes the sun to appear over your eastern horizon, to pass through the meridian, and then to descend to the western horizon. That is a general experience. After the sun sets, stars begin to appear, and for the same reason, make the same journey. So you have the succession of morning, noon and evening, of day and night. It is a time-succession for you, lasting twenty-four hours.

But if, instead of looking with your physical eyes at day and night, you think of them in the roomy chamber of your mind, you will easily be able to imagine the earth, one side turned toward the sun, and the other side turned toward outer space: a bright half and a dark half; day and night both going on at the same time, no longer successive but simultaneous. And it is quite clear that both day and night are thus always going on at the same time. There is no to-day nor to-morrow, no this-morning or last-night. It is perpetually "now," with half the world lit up and half in darkness, or illumined only by the stars.

We have, therefore, by mentally standing apart from the earth and looking at it from outside, transformed the succession of day and night from a time-aspect to a space-aspect; from consecutive to simultaneous.

Might it not be possible for a spiritual consciousness to do the same thing, standing apart, not from the outer vesture of life, its days and nights, but from its inner content of experience, and thus to see the succession of past, present and future as a single vision, in the light of eternity? Perhaps this is the reason why every religious system teaches this standing back—detachment?

We saw, a little while ago, that what appears as a succession in a lower-dimensioned consciousness, becomes simultaneous in a higher-dimensioned consciousness. Let us try to apply this.

Let us suppose that a Master, in whom we must postulate a higher-dimensioned consciousness, has a dozen pupils. How can he watch them all, train and guide them all, at one and the same time?

A three-dimensional college-professor can take care of a dozen students by giving his full attention to each in turn. This is strictly comparable to the first perception of the foot-rule as a succession of inch-marks perceived successively throughout a certain duration of time. But, just as, by adding a dimension of consciousness, it was possible and easy to get a view of all twelve inch-marks simultaneously, so it may be possible and easy for the Master, in virtue of a higher-dimen-

sioned consciousness, to hold a dozen pupils in full view simultaneously, giving complete and uninterrupted attention simultaneously to all the twelve. What is possible as a succession for the college professor, may be possible as a simultaneous perception for the Master.

Extend this, and it becomes quite thinkable that a divine consciousness may listen simultaneously to the prayers of ten millions of worshippers and may follow in detail the worship in a million churches at once.

One more thought. Our bodies are three-dimensional, and to our bodies the Theosophical teaching assigns three Principles. Ordinary mental consciousness is in a fourth principle, Kama-Manas. But we have seen that ordinary consciousness, the ordinary operation of mind and memory, is in all probability already four-dimensional, though rarely indeed so recognized.

Have we a suggestion, in the Master, of the presence at once of a fully awakened fifth Principle, Buddhi-Manas, and of a still higher-dimensioned consciousness?

Approach the matter this way. Zöllner was the first to write vividly of the fourth dimension; Bergson saw many four-dimensional truths, though he may not have given them that name; Einstein and his followers are familiarizing us with four-dimensional thought.

Yet something is lacking. We have seen that there is a clear correspondence between certain principles of the higher dimensions and fundamental laws of spiritual life. May we not conclude that the spiritual laws are the reality, while the four-dimensional reasonings are, in the strict sense, "superficial" aspects of spiritual laws? They touch surfaces only; they lack spiritual depth. And, to sum the matter up, may not this spiritual depth be that very "fifth dimension" which we are in search of, the element that is needed, to give spiritual depth to these physical and mathematical speculations?

Bergson has worked wonders. Einstein is working wonders. But what might they not have done, had they added devotion, the religious sense, to their extraordinarily intuitive minds? Instead of having physical aspects of occult laws, we might have had revelations of the everlasting realities of spiritual life. The "fifth dimension" is lacking, the depth given by the awakened fifth Principle, Buddhi-Manas, the power of spiritual light.

C. J.

RELIGIONS AND RELIGION

IT is an interesting experience to read *The White Island* by Michael Wood, and then turn to the article in the July *Atlantic* by Mr. Clutton-Brock, entitled "Religion Now". Or perhaps it would be best to reverse the order and save the more spiritual communication for the last. "Religion Now," is an effort—an honest effort—to explain the attitude of the English people toward religion, as modified, as intensified, by the five years since war began. It is furthermore one of the many expressions now appearing in all forms of literature, of a resentment toward the churches at what is felt to be their insufficiency at a supreme crisis. It has a further interest in that it is, unwittingly, the expression of a hunger for that wisdom we call Theosophy, but which (under that name) Mr. Clutton-Brock repudiates, with no knowledge whatever of its meaning. The student of Theosophy grows accustomed to this anomaly in writings on religion,—people cry for help across a gulf whose bridges they ignore; they voice their aching need for a wisdom whose very name is to them a byword. But let Mr. Clutton-Brock speak for himself:

"There is in England now a great desire for belief, satisfied by no existing church or sect. . . . The many varieties of Christianity fail to win the ablest or the most naturally religious among us; . . . we are not content with any present statement of the Christian faith. . . . We believe, far more than our fathers did, that the truth is hidden in the Christian tradition, but it remains, for us, hidden. This desire for a renewed belief affects not only the weak, who seek consolation at all costs, but also the strong, who see that science has not made us wise about the nature of the universe or our own nature. . . . We have all foolishly believed that mankind was advancing toward perfection by some mechanical process called evolution. But the Germans, most of all nations, made their will subject to the mechanism of things and that mechanism has betrayed them. When we fought against them we rebelled against that doctrine and affirmed the will of man, the will for righteousness. . . . Before the war it was a commonplace to sneer at the Christian doctrine of vicarious sacrifice, the doctrine of the Redemption. In our shallowness and comfort, we said that it was immoral; but now we know that the world is saved, and faith in the universe is preserved, by vicarious sacrifice. . . . So we begin again to believe that Christ did indeed die for us. We see that there is a surprising unfathomed wisdom in the Christian faith."

So far there is surely matter for rejoicing here—more than Mr. Clutton-Brock seems to admit. Does it not mean that the war is already

paying for itself in spiritual renewals? If one dared to believe that! If the immediate result of the last five years really be that

> "Laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
> Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee";—

then indeed may we cease to count the cost.

Unhappily, there is another side. With this widespread seeking for spiritual certainties there is much bewilderment and unrest. The people turn to the churches for working spiritual hypotheses, and are shrewd enough to see that they do not get them. They turn, but it is to question, and no man answers them. "Nothing is stranger than the contrast between our disorder, impotence, and bewilderment in peace, and our power, resolution, and discipline in war." (Do we hear America playing echo to that admission?) And here is another, equally heartbreaking—"No church answers our questions in terms that convince."

Mr. Clutton-Brock then analyses the failure of church after church—an indictment too long to quote except in fragments: "The Roman Catholic Church belies its name and is no longer Catholic. It remains Catholic only for the uneducated. Educated men will not accept certain postulates which seem to them arbitrary, chief among them the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope. You must make a certain surrender, not merely of yourself, but of your highest values, if you are to become a Catholic."

Of the Church of England it is said: "It is both the glory and the shame of this Church that it does not really exist; it is always in process of becoming. It has creeds but no one to interpret them. It has an organization, but no one to govern it except the State, the authority of which is rejected by the most real and impassioned part of this Church."

Of their clergy this writer says: "They do believe utterly in Christianity and try to practise it. In their ritual is the return of the sense of beauty. In their faith is the return of Christianity; only they cannot quite express it and cling to old formulae so that they may not lose hold of it. They will not find their true faith until they become revolutionaries in thought. If they can do that, still keeping the Christian tradition, they will conquer England." [That is to say they should do what the Theosophists *are* doing. You cannot abandon formulae and swash around in space without any, still holding to traditions, Christian or otherwise. But you can, by applying to the Divine Wisdom, learn to understand them, and *thus* "still hold to the Christian tradition."]

"The rest of the Church of England is either clinging to the unvenerable past of the Reformation—the Low Church party; or looking to a future not yet seen—the Modernists. The Modernist does not feel bound to leave the Church because he does not believe every article of its creeds. He knows no one does believe them literally, and no authority has laid down which must be believed, which may be taken to mean what they say, or which mean nothing at all. But the real weakness of the Modernist

is that he is apt to be critical rather than creative; to harbour theories produced by the destructive criticism of a past generation, . . . to take notions too seriously."

As to the Nonconformists—"They have many merits, but are one and all declining. . . . They are altogether of the middle class, and the middle class, of all others, is now the least likely to produce a religion. . . . It lacks beauty, passion, intellectual conviction."

So much for the Churches, a great deal of which is grimly true, but much, surely, highly debatable. Then Mr. Clutton-Brock betrays a bias. His premises and conclusions may look all right, but the snappers between them are put on wrong. One is pushed to speculate whether anyone, no matter how honest or well disposed, is equipped to write about religion while lacking knowledge of that Ancient Wisdom which is its key. To take an instance, he says: "He (the Modernist) has been content to attack the doctrine of the Virgin Birth negatively, as being merely historically untrue—not as being philosophically or religiously untrue." The student of religions might ask,—Who may speak of the Virgin Birth at all save those who apprehend it, who *feel* it, to be forever religiously and mystically true?—The delicate blown glass of symbolism is not a pavement for hobnailed shoes. It is a magic window opening on the eternal verities.

One more instance: "If Christianity is to prevail, it must do so, not by expressing a number of good intentions so vaguely that anyone can agree to them, but it must convince us that the universe is of a certain nature and that we have to live according to that nature." This sounds incontrovertible till Mr. Clutton-Brock applies it in concrete form, and then once more we find the fly in the ointment, the spider in the soup. An orthodox Roman Catholic peer (orthodox because he accepts the Virgin Birth and the infallibility of the Pope) is otherwise quite unchristian because he writes to the *Times* that man, being a fighting animal, it is absurd to dream of a league of nations. Mr. Clutton-Brock replies to this, "Man is *not* a fighting animal (*sic*), and it is the duty of men as Christians to believe in a league of nations and to work for it (*sic*),—that is why I say the churches have not enough dogmas, while many of the dogmas they cling to are irrelevant." Which is to say: the Roman Catholic's dogmas are irrelevant, and Mr. Clutton-Brock's are not—the same old vicious circle of intolerance!

Presently Mr. Clutton-Brock comes to the group of "new sects, most of which we get from America";—these are Christian Science, New Thought, Spiritualism, and among them no wary student will be surprised to find Theosophy carelessly tossed, as you might throw a lot of little objects into a basket at the end of a sale—"everything in this basket 10 cents." But never mind! read on. The exposition of Theosophy will be found rewardingly quaint. "Their doctrine of the transmigration of souls and of Karma is *devised to explain things* (italics mine) . . . . They profess by an eclectic process to have reached the permanent religion of mankind . . . . Christ did not preach Karma—He said, Thy sins be

forgiven thee. [He also said that every jot and tittle of the law would be fulfilled.] . . . . The effort of the Theosophists to find justice in the universe is based upon the conception of a static universe [*'and the soul in its silent hurry'*] . . . *In that conception there is no hope for the wicked, the weakling, the degenerate. As they have been, so they will be; the best thy can do is to consent to their evil fate because it is the result of their own past*" (italics mine)!

But people who are honest tumble into the Divine Wisdom unawares and in spite of themselves, and so Mr. Clutton-Brock often talks Theosophy in rebuttal of Theosophy—"Faith is seeing reality at those heaven-sent moments which rule the life of faith." "There is an infinite possibility for all men, because, having life, they have their share in the spontaneity of God." If you have faith you can move mountains is one of the things He said "in His passionate, exultant, humorous way":—(Isn't that a glimpse of the Master?) But the application spoils it all once more, for he goes on to say, "Compared with this faith Theosophy, like the old scientific determinism is retrograde—indeed, it expresses the old scientific determinism in a religious form. It is a kind of Calvinism orientalized."

Once more we see that the Divine Wisdom cannot be discussed to any good purpose save by those to whom it has been revealed, be the intention never so fair nor so reverent. The grace of this article is its honesty, its hunger and thirst for righteousness, but when it comes to Theosophy we imagine Mr. Clutton-Brock going through some such process as this:—First an appeal to the dictionary—he finds several definitions and may, for example, extract some such choice morsel as this: "Theosophy is but a recrudescence of a belief widely proclaimed in the 12th Century and held to in some form by many barbaric tribes." So far, so bad—it looks dark for Theosophy. Now to reinforce this by some first hand information. One's most intellectually disposed Club and a broad-minded clergyman would seem to be indicated. He finds his clergyman, smoking a good cigar, bland and revelatory—all goes well. "Exactly what *is* this Theosophy one hears about?" he asks, tipping off his cigar ash, and the clergyman, with an indulgent laugh, delivers himself of the nuggets of wisdom underscored above.

The trouble with so many essays on religion is that they leave off just where religion begins. They remind one of the efforts of the beginner to speak a foreign language. A certain meaning is conveyed, it is true. You understand that you are asked to pass the bread and butter, but the accent is wrong and there is no idiom. They have not spoken with natives. Or another homely instance—we sometimes hear married couples jocularly disclosing the terms on which they manage to "get on." They have solved all the problems presented by holy matrimony because "he *never* asks to see my letters," or because "she knows where the money is and can help herself." In a daily paper last week (it is the silly season) one woman traced her "perfect marriage" to the fact that

she took her vacations in one direction and her husband in another. A review of various husbands makes this understandable, still it is hardly love's young dream. One listens to all this smiling politely, but thinking: "Perhaps in a crore of years they will be eligible." And that is how religion approached in a certain way makes one react. All this talk of dogmas and divisions, and what this means and that means; and whether the Christian Scientists have got an inkling; and why the Pope won't do; and how to appeal to the rich and not antagonize the poor, or vice versa,—such a hubbub! And the solvent waiting all the time! A student of Theosophy, the very humblest, finds it meagre and chilly. With all thy getting, get Wisdom, Divine Wisdom,—study the idioms, acquire your accent. Learn this—that in religion pure and undefiled you have a headlong love affair on hand, which is an occupation in itself. England to-day may be discussing sects and dogmas. She was not discussing them four years ago. Then the padres of all denominations were carrying through the battle fields a religion that withstood every pragmatic test; then Anglican priests and Modernists, Presbyterian Ministers and Reactionists toiled side by side; then Roman priests forgot the Vatican and remembered only the Master, and Jewish rabbis held the crucifix before dying Catholic eyes. The people of England (undemonstrative? stolid?), building shrines in their public streets, turned to them unabashed, so eager to lift their hearts that the churches were too far apart. In those days our tears flowed fast, but our hopes rode high for England.

It is a relief to turn to *The White Island* by Michael Wood, a writer who has a fine, suave accent of the land of the spirit. There are many things in these books of Michael Wood's which must ever be a stumbling block to Jews, and foolishness to Greeks. They are fairy tales of the spirit, written for those who know that fairy tales come true as soon as we will let them. In a leading daily paper the other day there was a review of this particular one—*The White Island*—which bore about as much relation to it as to Robinson Crusoe, such utter bewilderment did it expose. In another volume, *The Mystery of Gabriel,* carried home from a library—a curious and subtle study of one of those strange chosen beings that Michael Wood tries (and what other writer ventures?) to elucidate for us,—or for our spiritual testing chooses to leave reverently unelucidated —there had been scrawled across the finis, by some Jew or Greek, the words "No mystery at all, just plain nut!" The same reader, and his name is legion, would undoubtedly repeat that irritated conclusion here.

The story is told by Father Standish himself, who needs no introduction to Michael Wood's readers, nor need they be reminded of the atmosphere of utter sanity and reasonableness he imparts to the strangest and most unmundane of situations, by his simple acceptance of the fact that the mundane is a very minor part of reality. Réné Clinton, a strange little elf of a pale child, is shown us first in the midst of his family, clever, prosperous, well-bred, ambitious people;—three well-mannered children, French governess, charming house and grounds, afternoon tea

on the lawn, everything typical and just right, the sort of people who will loathe any break in the typical just-rightness. It is nevertheless on the way, for there is Réné—Réné, who, with his day-dreaming, his "pertence stories" and his "truly stories" might be just an unusually imaginative little boy of six years, were it not for his quiet insistence upon his vision of the "White Island"—a place of gleaming cliffs and waters, of green pastures, of sheep, "black ones and white and a little dream house which means a secret and there is a big music." And there also is the "Joyous Shepherd." Poor little Réné! They wish to be fair to him. The question of whipping him for story telling is discussed in family conclave and vetoed by a father wise enough to recognize the child's utter truthfulness in all ordinary matters. As to the day-dreaming—"He will get rid of all that at school; we shall send him as soon as he is eight; he is very backward." For a year or two, until the dismal school days arrive, Réné takes to haunting Brent, which adjoins his father's place. He flits silently about the gardens and farm-lands like a little pale flame, neither claiming nor seeming to need attention, but always giving to those attuned to feel it the sense that he lives and finds companioning on some other plane, and that "a light shines from him." Presently the family go away and for fourteen years Father Standish knows them no more, except for such hints of growing intellectual and social brilliance as filter through to him. Then a letter comes from Réné's mother begging for help in the bitter shame and disappointment that has befallen them. It appeared that in spite of every advantage that the modern system of education offers, Réné had proved "quite unable to grasp or remember any of the things he ought to learn." Schools and Universities were out of the question and every noted brain and nerve specialist in Europe and America had been appealed to, only to confess bafflement. The greatest among them—"men who know too much to mind saying they are ignorant" —declined to diagnose, but suggested an arrested development of the brain, although quite unlike any arrested brain development with which they were familiar. The child vision of the White Island still persisted. His ashamed and disappointed father would fain hide him in a home for borderland mental cases, but his mother, whose love outlives her pride and hope, as mother-love mercifully must, cannot consent to this and turns in her anguish and despair to Father Standish.

So once more the "House of Peace" opens its doors to one of those whom the world receives not. Established in the guest house Réné lives a life of what the average spiritual Philistine would certainly call "lazy mooning." He evinces no special piety. He is not "queer" in acts or manner, indeed Father Standish is impressed with his docility and his "balanced quietude of voice and manner," and yet he is not in the least like anyone else. Gradually those who live with him recognize the fact that he is "possessed"; sinners and criminals recognize it; his reluctant parents are made to know it; Réné himself is sure of it,—"I am held fast by something that claims all I am and all I have . . . . I think it is God."

So, one after another, all who meet him succumb to the light that shines through this dumb, enraptured, love-brimmed boy. He is incandescent with love. To some it is a terrifying experience. The Black Lodge gains access to Brent in the person of an evil man who only apprehends spirituality as black magic and seeks in coldest curiosity to wrest from the House of Peace its secret. After a stolen night of evil experiment at the Altar he meets Réné for the first time, face to face in a corridor, and is afraid with a great amazement,—"*for what he saw was not Réné.*"

This is a very beautiful book—its pastoral pictures so homelike and gentle, its touches of humour so delicate—it is a shame to hand it out in scraps, and yet it is difficult to stop. "Réné never had to drive the sheep, or call upon the dog to round them up. He led them. In changing pastures, Réné walked before his flock, whistling a little tune which seemed to appeal to their musical taste; *the sheep scuffled softly along after him* with their lambs." Father Standish is always a joy. A local Mrs. Grundy is sure that Réné's witless state is a natural judgment on his parents for non-attendance at church—"People cannot neglect religion with impunity." "That is an undoubted fact," Father Standish replies, "but have you reflected that if the result of non-attendance at church is to have half-witted sons, the larger part of the male population of England would be mentally deficient?" For a moment the heart constricts with traitor fear to reflect upon how few Father Standishes there are, with the spiritual insight to maintain a spiritual clearing house, where the "diversity of gifts" shall be recognized and a "haven of waiting" provided for those unclassifiable mystic sensitives whom the world, needing them never so tragically, can never recognize, but whom the Master uses in strange and beautiful ways. Then the terror fades and the heart is loyal again, for what a wooden way to gaze upon enchantments! Surely the Master may be trusted with His Rénés.

From the many suggested lessons of this lovely book we can choose one on "recollection" if we like. Réné does not "practise recollection," in fact he practises nothing; he *is* recollected, and therefore love shines through him, for God is love. Those of us to whom recollection is a matter of more or less punctual exercise, or of a welcomed mood, have our share too in the radiance. The white glory of the Joyous Shepherd is in all love— in our growing love for Him, and in that which shines for us in dear human eyes and speaks to us in gentle human voices,—*we* can "scuffle softly along after Him with our lambs."

"Sheep black and white are Mine,
I shepherd all.
I hear their crying when for Me they call.
I am the shepherd of all flocks that be,
Nor any craft may part My sheep from Me."

S.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS

ONE of the many surprises of the war, and by no means the least significant, has been the happiness which so many of the soldiers have found in their service. In spite of unaccustomed and almost unimaginable hardships, in spite of the cold, the filth, the sights of horror, the constant danger, men write that they found there a happiness such as they had never known in times of peace. Hating it with one part of themselves, longing for the war to be over, realizing to the full its hideousness as those who have never seen it cannot do,—nevertheless deep in their souls they are happier than they have ever been. They feel a sense of freedom such as they had never known. Taken away from the front, they long to get back to it, even to greeting war on their return "as an old friend."

The best expressions of this feeling are to be found in the thousands of letters from French soldiers that have been collected and published since the war began. Not that its expression is lacking among the English. Donald Hankey and Coningsby Dawson have felt and expressed it with great beauty. But expression of deep feeling does not come as naturally to the Anglo-Saxon. Perhaps, too, they did not as a nation feel it as deeply. It has been said that taken as a whole, the English made war in the sporting spirit. Risking their lives with the utmost courage and gallantry, nevertheless they did it as a man takes a sporting chance, hoping and rather expecting to come through it alive. The French, on the other hand, in general made the sacrifice of their lives in advance, and did not expect to return. "To go half way is misery, but all the way is Heaven." The completeness of the sacrifice brought its own reward.

The experience of the ages shows that happiness can never be found by seeking it. It comes only to those who have given themselves—without thought of themselves or their own happiness or unhappiness—to something or some cause greater than themselves. And the measure of the happiness is the measure of the completeness of the giving.

We have all envied the man with the hobby. We usually look at him with a mixture of envy and pity, envy for the completeness of the devotion, and pity for the narrowness of the cause which can give play to so small a part of his nature. The artist who loves his art, the scientist who gives himself completely to his search for truth, the mother who loses all thought of herself in her devotion to her children,—gain a happiness which few men reach, and yet it remains incomplete. True happiness only comes where the giving includes the whole nature of man,—body, soul, and spirit. To be happy a man must be at peace in his heart. Where the desires of the personality, and the aspirations of the soul, are pulling in opposite directions, there can be no peace.

Whatever Socialists, Humanitarians, or Bolsheviks may say, the soul of man will not respond to material ends, material comfort, material "well-being" for self or for others. While the doors of the soul remain shut, happiness remains locked within, forever out of reach.

So the problem is two-fold. There must be the great spiritual cause that will draw forth the strength and beauty of the soul, and the personality must be aligned with it, that there may be peace in the heart, and that the giving may be of the whole nature, complete.

It is this doctrine of happiness through union with the Soul that has been taught by every great religious teacher, by the *Upanishads,* by Krishna in the *Bhagavad Gita,* by Buddha, and by Christ. The tendency of the Christian churches to postpone all thought of punishments or rewards until after death, has obscured the teaching, so that most people to-day regard religion as merely an aid to ethics, not as a road to happiness. Yet we know that the Masters, standing on the threshold of unimaginable bliss, have refused to enter and, in order to help mankind, have turned back to what we in our blindness call the "Path of unutterable woe." To help mankind to what? The Masters have not renounced unimaginable bliss for themselves in order to lead us to unutterable woe. Virtue is not a kind of gigantic, abstract conspiracy against the happiness of man—as we mostly tend to regard it—but a means to an end, and that end is union with the Soul, the supreme bliss "on whose fragments all beings live."

No one can leap from where he stands to union with the Soul. It must be by little and little, step by step. It is "when all the desires that dwell in the heart are let go, the mortal becomes immortal and enters the Supreme." It is the *separate* desires of our separate personalities that we must let go and throw ourselves into the desires, the will and the purpose of the Soul. Mr. Judge, if I remember correctly, says that it is the purpose of the Supreme to raise every atom in the universe to itself. So every effort to transmute the lower into the higher, every battle of beauty against ugliness, of right against wrong, of truth against falseness, is the battle of the Soul. We gain union to the extent to which we co-operate. For union means union of will and purpose as well as union of consciousness. Not long ago, my little daughter came running to me with delight in her eyes: "Daddy," she said, "mother asked me which way I was nearest to her, when I was sitting in her lap, crying because I could not have my own way, or when she was away in New York and I was trying to do what I knew she wanted me to do. And I knew which way I was nearest."

Yet even when our eyes are opened and we are eagerly anxious to get rid of every petty selfish interest, and to throw ourselves wholeheartedly into whatever aspect of the great cause of the Soul has appealed to us, we find that we cannot do it. The tendrils of old desires are wrapped too tightly around material and selfish ends to be loosened in a moment or a year. When we would press forward we

find ourselves held back and even tripped up most unexpectedly and humiliatingly. Our problem then becomes,—how to get ourselves free.

The means to attain this freedom from the tyranny of the lower self is the theme of all religious writings. As Theosophy shows, though the terms may differ, the fundamental principles are the same in all. When the *Upanishads* speak of the need for purity, for letting go all the desires that dwell in the heart, when Krishna speaks of detachment, of disinterestedness, when Buddha speaks of renunciation, or Christ of obedience, they are stressing different aspects of the same great Rule for the conquest of the lower nature. In Christian terms, it is the three vows, Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience.

Every monastic Rule worthy of the name is based on these three vows and represents the effort to apply them most effectively to daily life. Their purpose is always to gain for those who practise them freedom to give themselves completely. This is the explanation and reason for many of the denials and austerities which the modern layman, lacking the ideal, finds so repellent. To the layman the three vows seem merely negative, a continuation of the "Thou shalt not" of the Decalogue, cramping and impoverishing life, taking the colour from it and leaving only grayness and deadness. To the aspirant who, seeing liberty more truly, has actually striven to live by them, they seem like flaming swords to cut the bonds by which he had been tied, freeing him to follow his highest will to the attainment of his heart's desire.

When a man has once recognized his heart's desire and has concentrated the full power of his nature on the effort to attain it, nothing that helps him toward his goal is regarded as a sacrifice and all that holds him back he thinks of as a limitation of his freedom. Freedom to him becomes the ability to attain his desire. Like the athlete about to run a race, in St. Paul's simile, he lays aside every weight and presses toward the mark. In every department of life, concentration is essential for success, and concentration is the gathering together of all that helps and the elimination of all that hinders. Even the mighty Mississippi was too shallow for navigation near its mouth until its waters were held back from the innumerable swamps in which they wasted themselves, and confined in one deep channel. It is the same with a man's life. His energies fritter themselves away in a thousand petty self-indulgences each of which detracts just so much from his ability to attain the one thing he really wants. Many of these self-indulgences are merely habit, the result of thoughtlessly doing what those around us do. Others are due to wrong self-identification, the result of identifying ourselves with desires that sweep over us from without, or with the lower nature and its false, reflected desires. It is when we first see what our heart's desire really is that we begin to reclaim the life and power that we have heretofore been wasting, and to concentrate it on our goal. To our surprise we find that in spite of even an intense desire, this recovery of our own powers, this

re-collection of ourselves is extraordinarily difficult and calls for carefully organized, persistent effort extended over a long time.

In the same way, when a nation goes to war it wishes its full energies, so dissipated in times of peace, to be concentrated on one end, victory. Yet, though every man in it be burning with enthusiasm for what he knows to be a righteous cause, willing, even eager, to give his life for it, the nation finds that its power cannot be made available at once. Its energies must first be withdrawn from the non-essential and concentrated on the essential. Its citizens must be assembled into armies, and those armies must undergo long training, in order to make it possible to apply the full power of which they are capable to the one end in view, the conquest of the enemy.

The organization and training of an army are full of lessons in spiritual law. There above all places, theories are put to the test, and the false principle of action inevitably goes down before the true. No army organized on the basis of mob rule, for instance, has a chance against one following the principle of obedience, the hierarchical principle. We ought to remember, moreover, that the universe is one and is governed by one set of laws. That which applies to an army applies to a government; and applies as well to the government of a man's life as to the government of a nation. It is easier to study these great principles as applied to an army, for there their effects work themselves out in victory or defeat more quickly and more visibly—though not more inevitably—than in other departments of life.

It is interesting to find that all armies, unconsciously to themselves, and solely for the purpose of acquiring the maximum efficiency in the attainment of their end, adopt the Rule of the religious, and are guided by the three great principles of Obedience, Poverty and Chastity. Obedience everyone recognizes as the heart of a soldier's life. Poverty and Chastity are less often thought of in that connection, yet where can better illustrations of Poverty be found than in an army in active campaign? Everything that is unessential is dispensed with. The aim is to have whatever helps in the attainment of the end in view, all that contributes to efficiency and not one thing more. Advancing troops often have to sleep where they are, in the cold and mud, without shelter of any sort. They have at times to go for days without food, sometimes without even water to drink. At best they have no more than is regarded as increasing their efficiency. The army that refused to endure these hardships or that cumbered itself with baggage trains carrying unnecessary luxuries would be beaten before it started. Physical chastity has been practised by athletes for thousands of years as a necessity if a man wishes to gain endurance and strength. The camp followers that once accompanied armies were long ago recognized as fatal to its discipline and efficiency. In short any departure from the spirit of the three vows reduces by that much the power and effectiveness of the army.

It would be a mistake to limit one's view of the three vows to their

outermost expression. They must be made the guiding principles of the mind and of the spirit as well as of the body. The chief purpose of what seems to the recruit to be interminable drills is to instill the habit of instant, instinctive obedience, an obedience so instinctive that the idea of questioning it never enters his head. But it is not enough to give the blind obedience of the body. There must be also the obedience of the mind and heart and will. The subordinate must enter as fully as possible into the thought and purpose of his chief, resolute to carry them out, putting thus at the service of his obedience the full powers of his intelligence, loyalty, and will. It is said that Waterloo was lost because Grouchy followed the letter of instructions received the day before, instead of following what he ought to have known to be the wish of his chief, and marching to the sound of the cannon. As Marshal Foch says in his book, *The Principles of War,* to dodge responsibility by sheltering oneself behind the letter of instructions received, is not obedience.

It is the same with poverty and chastity. It has been said that any thought centred in self is a violation of chastity. Our thought of chastity is almost always purely negative. We think of it as not misusing the creative powers. Yet the symbol of chastity is flame, about the least negative thing we know. Mr. Judge used to say that the two great obstacles to human growth toward the divine, were sex-desires and the sense of separateness, the sense of ourselves as separate from other selves. Thus self-indulgence, vanity, ambition, anything that tends to build up these obstacles becomes wrong for that reason. It is a violation of the spirit of poverty to desire psychic possessions for the psychic self, just as much as it is to desire physical luxuries for the indulgence of the physical body. The pursuit of glory for ourselves alone, the desire to possess the good opinion of others, or their envy, are all contrary to the spirit of poverty. This does not mean that they are always and at all times evil. With many men they are a powerful stimulus for good. Few men are ready to take the three vows in their most outer form, and fewer still are capable of understanding, let alone taking, them on higher planes. Yet it remains true that the more power a man exercises the more essential it is that he should live by these vows.

Military history is full of examples of the defeat of armies because some general desired glory for himself more than the success of his cause. Envy and personal bickerings have wrecked many campaigns. Broadly speaking, that which is asked of the private is for the most part on the physical plane, and if he has learned obedience, circumstances can be counted upon to compel the observance of the requisite degrees of poverty and chastity. But with those who command, the observance of the essence of poverty and chastity must be conscious and deliberate. This of course does not mean that they have to use those terms to themselves. But by whatever name they are called, the fact remains that any violation of those great rules hampers the man's freedom of

action and impairs his efficiency to just that extent. The three vows are the most efficient ways known of getting rid of self, and to get rid of self is the essence of military training and effectiveness. To the degree to which a man thinks of himself, his safety, his comfort, his "rights," even his personal glory as contrasted with the success of his cause, to that degree he becomes unreliable. No one disputes the personal bravery or the military ability of Benedict Arnold. It was the desire to see himself as the General Monk of America, to possess for himself fame in the eyes of his fellows—a violation of the spirit of Poverty—that has made his name a synonym for treachery.

The whole of army life and training tends, as has been said, to make it unnecessary for a man to think of himself. His food and clothing are provided for him. He does not have to concern himself in the least about them nor will it do any good if he does. He does not have to consider where or how he would like to live, or what he would like to do. Once in the service, he does the duty that is assigned to him and goes to the place to which his orders send him. Whether he likes the place or the duty is a matter of no concern at all to any one, and in time it tends to become a matter of little concern to him. He gains thus a degree of freedom from "the intolerable burden of his own will" that is rarely seen elsewhere. Not to think of himself becomes a habit, so that nurses and doctors comment repeatedly on the way in which seriously wounded men, suffering torture in their bodies, forget themselves entirely in their eagerness for news of the battle they have just left.

Men who have left wives and children whom they may never see again, whose businesses built up by years of toil, are ruined beyond redemption, who have given up lives of luxury for unbelievable hardships, nevertheless find deep in their hearts a peace that they have never known before. Hating the horrors of war, longing for it to be over, they are amazed to find on looking back, that they have been happier than ever before in their lives. They return to civil life rejoicing in their bodies at their safety and at the ending of the hardships, and find that contentment has eluded them. They take on once more the burden of personal care, of thought and scheming for themselves alone, striving for money, for social position, for comforts, for whatever it may be, and they wonder vaguely at the sense of oppression that has descended on their spirits. They have been one with a great cause, have risen above themselves and, transcending the narrow limits of the personal life, have lived with the greater life of their cause and have shared in a consciousness far richer than their own.

The tragedy is that for the most part they do not know what they have had, what it is that they miss, or how they may obtain it. They know that a burden has descended upon them from which for a time they had been free. They do not know that they lived for that time with the free life of the soul, and that once having known that greater

life they can never again be content with the less. They do not know that the price of the life of the soul is the death of the desires of the personality; that the warfare between the higher and the lower has not ceased and will not cease; and that, as they found happiness in the outer warfare, so far greater happiness may be found in that inner war. Happiness lies in union with the soul, in the complete giving of ourselves to the cause of the soul. The cause of the Allies in this war was the cause of the soul, the cause of the Master; and to the extent to which they gave themselves to that cause, to that extent men found happiness. Those who went in a spirit of adventure may not have seen beneath the outer horror and the physical suffering. Those who went in self-sacrifice found joy and peace.

The Master still calls all who will hear to His ceaseless warfare for freedom for the souls of men. Freedom from ourselves, from the care and anxiety, from the fret and fever of self-seeking, from "the intolerable burden of our own wills," from the blindness and stupor that follow self-indulgence. The magic weapons that He gives to saints and warriors alike, are the invulnerable shield of poverty, the flame of chastity, and the invincible sword of obedience.

J. F. B. M.

Cheerfulness is a duty we owe to others. There is an old tradition that a cup of gold is to be found wherever a rainbow touches the earth; and there are some people whose smile, the sound of whose voice, whose very presence, seem like a ray of sunshine, to turn everything they touch into gold. Men never break down as long as they can keep cheerful.— LORD AVEBURY.

LODGE DIALOGUES

III

A GROUP of the younger chêlas were gathered around their Little Guru. Their spokesman said, "O kind Conveyer of Wisdom, tell us something of the love of God, and of the will of God, and of heaven."

It was evening in the Lodge garden. The brilliant stars were throbbing against the great vault of the sky. One felt the beating pulse of the earth, the benediction of the heavens.

"The love of God has two meanings," the Little Guru answered. "God's love for us, and our love for God. And again we may meditate upon the nature of God, which, it has been said, is love. But this cannot be done effectively save in the third degree of meditation—the Yoga of Union, when the two become one.

"God's love for us expresses itself in his will for us. This we say we cannot understand,—that so many of his dispensations are baffling, involving, in appearance, only pain and sorrow. And this we say wisely, though often without reflecting upon the basis of its truth. For how could we hope to understand the workings of God's will?"

The speaker paused; and in the ensuing silence, the mystery they were considering blended with the mystery of the night. It seemed that as the darkness hid the material objects visible in the daylight, remembered because in past illumination they had been seen; so also the limitations of the mind obscured the underlying truths of life, upon which the heart securely rested, knowing the existence of that which could not be perceived.

The Little Guru continued: "We never see completely, we never see the whole; and that which comes from God is always complete, because of his perfection. We see but a mere fragment of his will in any one operation of it. And since, moreover, the mind can only discern in terms of duality, that which exists in terms of unity must be to us forever a paradox,—a contradiction truly, as our own will is almost invariably in opposition to the will of God."

"How then shall we ever comprehend God's love for us, when it expresses itself in that which we can never understand?" the chêlas asked.

"Our understanding of the love of God as expressed in his will, lies

in our experience of our love of him; for our love of him is expressed in our submission to his will, and the greater the love, the more complete the submission."

"I see," said one, "for this is true in any real love we may have one for another; our desire then is to discover the will of the other person, and to give ourselves to it."

"By this submission, ever more and more complete," the Guru went on, "love drawing us thereto, we attain to Union; and in Union, Unity, understanding. Short of Unity, understanding there cannot be.

"This is heaven; this is the sea toward which all being tends (as one has said)—that peace which is the aspect of our love of God, united eternally to his love of us, in that perfect union which results from perfect submission to his will, and which in turn results in perfect understanding."

As his voice ceased, the silence of the night deepened; one felt only the throbbing undertone; the mystery was a Presence.

When the Guru rose, the spokesman, bowing reverently, said: "Therefore as the practical lesson of your instruction, O kind Conveyer, we should school ourselves in that submission, as a first step to the Yoga of Union and of Understanding?"

"Yea, children, practise it with all your strength, placing the full power of your will behind your effort. However great the pain, however bitter the tears, look up to the shadow which hides God's face, and bless his will, though every atom in you seem to cry out against it. The atoms will cry and pass. But the will so fixed and steadfast shall endure forever: the faith so faithful cannot fail of its reward."

* * * * * *

O sweet Lodge garden, where the angels linger, where the chêlas talk in undertones in the twilight, where the silence breathes and the fragrance hovers,—ceaseless incense of prayer! O Earthly Paradise, O Eden undefiled! O to close our eyes and to wake up there in the twilight—the morning were too intense after the weariness here—and to meet the long lost brothers in the blessed hush and coolness, the strain gone, and the waiting gone, and the fever gone,—forever!

O Garden Enclosed, at whose gate stands the angel with fiery sword, after long toil may we enter, and say,—Ah! yes, yes, this is true, this is true, I had almost forgotten; the *other* was dreaming.

M.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

Theosophy in Germany

THE situation in Germany among members and former members of The Theosophical Society, is indicated in correspondence printed in this issue of the Quarterly under "T. S. Activities" and "Notes and Comments."

We are thankful that there are any members in Germany who are beginning to get some glimpse of the truth. They deserve great credit. They have earned and they will receive all the help that students of Theosophy in America can give them. They themselves will be the first to desire to answer, before the bar of their own conscience, such questions as these:

1. When and why did they first begin to realize that Germany was in the wrong?

2. Was it before or after they began to see that Germany might lose the war?

3. If Germany had won the war, do they believe that their attitude and feeling would be the same as it is to-day?

We can assure them, most honestly, that if Germany had won the war—if she had destroyed France and England and most of the United States—it would not in the least have modified the convictions expressed in these columns since 1914, namely, that Germany was the willing instrument of the Black Lodge and the enemy of all spiritual light.

Yet, as we have said, to see any fraction of the truth, even at this late date, is highly creditable to these German members. They had everything against them. We are glad, and, for the sake of the Master's cause, we are grateful.

Mr. Raatz and his followers, on the other hand, have seen nothing, have learned nothing. Worse than that, they have added hypocrisy to the long list of their sins. Vanity, disloyalty, duplicity are manifest in all that Mr. Raatz has written and done. He quotes "Cavé" in an effort to prove himself right,—in an effort to prove that those German members who sign the letters we print under Correspondence, have departed from the true principles of Theosophy.

It may interest Mr. Raatz to know that "Cavé", commenting on his article in the *Theosophisches Leben,* and on other pronouncements of his, is reported to have said that Mr. Raatz was pretending to entertain principles which on their face were nonsensical; that he was masquerading, with the old German duplicity, under a cloak of virtue, on the pretext of saving The Theosophical Society.

Not until Mr. Raatz understands, and pleads guilty to that indictment, will he have taken the first step toward understanding Theosophy.

What does he pretend? He pretends to believe that "the effort to bring Germany to consciousness of guilt and to repentance" is contrary to the principles of Theosophy. He quotes "Cavé" to prove this!

He pretends that "the Germany of to-day has nothing in common with the Germany before and during the war." Consequently—he argues—even if Germany before or during the war had sinned, that should not concern himself or other Germans, except, possibly, to the extent that they should strive harder than ever to realize themselves as immortal souls, as spiritual beings.

If proof were needed that the Germany of to-day has everything, instead of nothing, in common with the Germany before and during the war, that proof is supplied by Mr. Raatz himself, who refuses to acknowledge he is in the wrong, and who is furious with that handful of his fellow Germans who, through some miracle of divine grace, are too honest to play his game with him.

However, to reduce Mr. Raatz's argument from its cloudiness to quite simple terms, imagine a yellow-haired man who, after committing a murder, dyes his hair black. Accused of his crime and told he ought to repent, he says: "You are mistaken. I am not the same man. I am a new man. My hair is black. What the yellow-haired man did is no concern of mine. Besides, repentance is weakening. We must be strong. A consciousness of guilt would interfere terribly with a consciousness of my spirituality. I am an exceedingly spiritual person. You must admit that I am an immortal soul. For the sake of the world, for the sake of humanity, for the sake of universal brotherhood,—and even though it were at great personal cost,—I must refuse to admit or to confess any responsibility for the past. Let us meditate. Let us live the inward life, most inwardly. Let us bathe the whole world in love. I will forgive even the man who thinks he was murdered, and whose bones—with scant consideration, if you will pardon me—you persist in dangling before eyes too pure to see them."

It would be waste of time and space if this applied merely to Mr. Raatz. The trouble is, he is typical. The large majority of Germans are like him. Though they do not use the same terms, they talk the same language that he talks. They are hypocrites. And there are fools whom they deceive, besides a multitude who, for their own nefarious purposes, wish to be deceived. So we tell the truth,—believing that Theosophy to be real must be complete,—not left on the plane of ideas as though merely an "inward" thing, but brought into the outer world in terms of daily living. What else is the meaning of discipleship? There is good precedent for the charity which says:

> "Woe unto you, Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayer. . . .

"Woe unto you, hypocrites! because ye say, If we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets.

"Wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves, that ye are the children of them which killed the prophets.

"Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers.

"Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell!"

And now, play out your part. Persecute "from city to city" those who, in spite of your protests, in spite of your political trickery, have dared to stretch forth their hands for light and pardon; who have dared, in the very midst of you, to proclaim the truth.

Persecute them,—"that upon you may come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth," from the blood of Christ, whom ye slay again, to the blood of women and of children, outraged and murdered, whose souls shall cry at you for ever.

You were called. To you was given Light, and you rejected it. To you is given more Light, and you will cower, but will pretend that it is Darkness. You are more criminal than those who did the killing. To you, therefore, shall come both their hell and your own. Peace, some day, to your ashes.

The Recorder had written the foregoing, as an expression of his own opinion, before meeting with the friends whose conversation often provides the "copy" for the "Screen of Time." When, at the first opportunity, he read it to them for suggestion or criticism, he found, as he had expected, that they were in hearty agreement with his conclusions. The Historian produced a document, with the remark that it contained a frank explosion of hatred which is morally superior to the attitude of Mr. Raatz. He had found it in the *New York Times* of October 12th, 1919, translated from the *Mitteilungen des Bundes der Deutschen in Nieder-Oesterreich*. We reproduce it for the light it throws on a third and very important aspect of the German psychology:

"In the future we must extend our educational work, and not teach our fellow-countrymen love for other nations, but terrible hatred toward all our adversaries. Down with the lying love of mankind! Down with universal culture, down with humane sentiments! We must be filled only with hate against all that is not German; a deadly hate even to the grave against non-Germans—that is our future watchword.

"May the milk that nourishes our babes contain already the germ of hatred, hatred without limit, which we must carve deep day after day into the memories of our children in school toward all that is not German, a hatred which never sleeps and which

knows no other desire than to crush our enemies. With hate in our hearts, let us march against the mothers and the children of other nations, against the day laborer and the artist, against the employer and the working man; and in order to destroy our enemies let us draw back before no expedient.

"Let us use the weapon of perfidy, of shrewdness, of violence, of dissimulation, and even of cruelty carried to very bestiality. All vileness is free to us. To attain our end we must make use of everything cruel that the human brain can imagine. Only German interests should be sacred to us; and, if we follow this method, in thirty years we shall be masters of the situation. Then all nations will begin again to crawl in the dust before us and to adore us."

The Irish Question

The Recorder then stated that a letter had been received from Germany, asking for information about the Irish question, and stating that some people in Germany are trying to exonerate themselves and their country for what they did in Belgium and France, by alleging that "England is doing the same to Ireland." (The Recorder is free to confess now, that he was speaking the truth, but that he also had designs on the Gael).

"I am glad that question has been broached," said the Gael. But he said no more. There was a pause. Then the Philosopher came to the rescue.

"Hypocrisy," he said, "or perhaps, in this case, dense ignorance. There is not a single point of comparison. Apart from the fundamental and radical differences between the two situations, England is treating Ireland with extravagant gentleness. Suppose that the Bretons of Brittany in France were to behave as the Sinn Feiners are behaving in Ireland,—and the Irish are just as closely connected, both geographically and racially, with the English, as the Bretons are with the French. Suppose that, during the war, instead of fighting heroically for France, as the Bretons fought, they had been 'not only openly disloyal, but openly pro-German'—which is what Admiral Sims has written of the Sinn Feiners. How would France have treated them, I would like to know! And it must be remembered that the Bretons have more to forgive France, from the past, than the most rabid Sinn Feiner can allege truthfully against England."

"Suppose", commented the Historian, "that some tribes of our Indians, the original possessors of our soil, and still nursing a sense of the injuries done them not many generations ago,—suppose these Indians were to defy our laws, were to set up a Congress and were to elect a President of their own, and were to murder on sight every soldier and police officer sent to keep them in order. Suppose, also, that all through

the war they had done their best to betray the United States and to aid Germany, and that they were to maintain, year after year, a bitterly anti-American propaganda in Canada, Mexico, England and France. What would we do? We would shoot every mother's son of them, and rightly."

"Listen to this", said the Gael, at last. "This is an Associated Press despatch from Belfast, dated October 26th, which was published in the *New York Times,* and presumably in other daily papers also. It reads:

" 'The Rev. E. A. Foy, rector of Linsadill, a lonely country district, near Armagh, was shot by masked men Saturday night, and is in a critical condition in the Armagh Infirmary. The men called at the rector's house on the pretense of borrowing a motor jack, and escaped after the shooting.

" 'Mr. Foy's two sons joined the British Army in Canada early in the war, one of them gaining a commission in an Ulster regiment.'

"That kind of thing is going on all over Ireland, and some of these black-hearted creatures—I don't mean the Spaniard, Valera—would like, if they knew how, to be mistaken for Gaels."

"What does Sinn Fein mean anyhow?" he was asked.

"Literally it means 'Ourselves,' " the Gael answered. "And I suppose it was natural that such a word, implying concentration upon self, should come to be synonymous with treason and treachery and crime. . . . May the sorrow of sorrows be theirs."

"You ought to read that article by Admiral Sims, in *The World's Work* for last November, if you have not done so already," said the Historian. "Every American ought to read it. Over and over again, some lonely American sailor, a stranger in a strange land, wandering through the streets of Cork on a visit from Queenstown, would be set upon by half a dozen roughs and beaten into insensibility. These American sailors were fighting Germany, and the Sinn Feiners, according to the Admiral, were doing everything in their power to help Germany. With their assistance German agents and German spies were landed in Ireland. So the presence of the American fleet, with many men of Irish descent among its personnel, was an offence which the Sinn Feiners found intolerable."

"You will have noticed too," added the Student, "that efforts have been made in the public press to exonerate Sinn Fein on the ground that a large number of Irish soldiers fought in the Allied armies, and that this aroused one of the few American journalists who were attached officially to the United States Navy on foreign service,—Mr. Henry Beston Sheahan, who wrote:

> " 'This is too much. . . . Sinn Fein not only did everything in its power to prevent the enlistment of these brave men, but also has, since their return to Ireland, so persecuted and embittered them, that the Irish press is full of their story. His neighbours

maliciously set against him by Sinn Fein propaganda, disowned by friends and business associates, an outcast in the land which he preserved from German domination, the tragedy of the Irish soldiers is the most poignant of the war.' "

"I wish they would let me govern Ireland for a month or two!" This was from the Engineer. Some of us wished so too. "More dream-theories", he went on; "more sentimental balderdash! How I hate it! Self-determination! Every lunatic in every lunatic asylum demands that. Every rebellious child in every nursery demands that. Every criminal and every drunkard and every kicker everywhere, wants to set up a little hell of his own and to play around in it at the expense of other people. Self-determination in Ireland! Why there are a dozen 'selves' in Ireland."

"But you must admit that Sinn Fein is the noisiest of them", commented the Historian.

"Yes,—the noisiest and also the most unscrupulous. They speak and act for the worst. . . . England is absolutely misled in regard to the feeling about Ireland in this country. And it is a pity, because it constantly influences her Irish policy. Anxious to preserve the friendship of the United States, she mistakes the talk of politicians for the will and sentiment of intelligent Americans, and, imagining that this country sympathizes at least with the aims of the Sinn Feiners, she is afraid that her relations with us would be strained if she were to act firmly against those ruffians. As I see it, the vast majority of the American people are sick of the whole Irish business. They are not merely uninterested. They feel that the subject has been exploited for local political ends, and that anyhow it has been talked to death. A man like Valera comes over here chiefly to impress the people of England with the idea that he is making trouble, and that they had better 'watch out'. He attains his end by means of press despatches based upon imaginary programs which his agents supply to local papers. Thus, some Philadelphia paper announced that the 'President' of the 'Irish Republic' was due to arrive on such and such a day and would address a mass meeting in Independence Square; that Governor Sproul would preside; that Mayor Smith would make an address of welcome; that Valera would hold a reception in Independence Hall. When the day arrived, there was no meeting in Independence Square; Governor Sproul was out of town; Mayor Smith was out of town; and the only evidence of a 'reception' in Independence Hall was a gathering of about thirty or forty persons who were hanging around the doors, waiting for a 'reception' to arrive! But it was Valera's program, not the facts, which appeared in the British press."

"If Valera and his Sinn Feiners have any following in this country among native born Americans", said the Sage, "it is due to the sentimental dreaming which the Engineer denounced".

"Just as a further illustration of it", he continued, "I have here an account from the morning paper summarizing the results of the recent Industrial Conference. Let me read a few lines:—

" 'What was not brought out clearly was that both capital and labour owe to society—which is inclusive of capital and labour—a duty to produce in quantity at the lowest possible cost commensurate with the protection of both capital and labour, all of the "things" that are necessary to keep up the proper, just, and humane standards of modern life.' "

"Too vague a use of terms", interrupted the Student. "For one thing, just what is meant by capital?"

"Yes", added the Youth, "and what is labour? We hear enough about it now-a-days; but labour in the abstract—what would it be?"

"Quite so", continued the Sage. "This is a good instance of the loose use of words supposed to accord with facts, but which actually deal only with fancies. We are told, for instance, that it is the duty of capital to produce in quantity at the lowest possible cost, and so forth. And what is capital? Irrespective of theoretical definitions, it is quite obvious that the speaker does not refer to capital in the abstract, but to money owned by individuals. It follows that he is speaking of the duty of individuals who own money. Who are these individuals? Let us take a typical instance: here is a man who, as a result of many years of hard work, has been able to save some ten thousand dollars. He has a wife and children who are dependent upon him. He needs to invest his money. Clearly it is his duty to think of his wife and children in the event of his death. He seeks some security which he believes to be safe and which is likely to bring him a good return on his capital. Can any one seriously suggest that he should ask himself whether the security he is about to purchase is of a type which promotes the production of the things 'that are necessary to keep up the proper, just, and humane standards of modern life,' while protecting the interests both of abstract capital and of abstract labour?"

"I am still in the dark as to what labour is," interjected the Youth.

"Labour in the abstract is non-existent, of course," said the Student. "What is meant is the labour of the labouring man of any kind, anywhere."

"Yes," agreed the Sage, "and the duty of the labouring man—whether he recognizes it or not—is to work as hard as he can, so as to make as much money as he can for his wife and family. If he will do this, that is to say, if he will attend to his job, and will do his best for that which is immediate and objective and in no sense abstract, the general result will be that he will produce as much as in him lies,—that is, unless he is interfered with, and is forbidden by a Labour Union to work for more than so many hours, or to work any harder than the laziest of his

fellow-workmen deems proper. In no circumstances, however, can it be his duty to accept or reject work because of some fanciful obligation of the kind our theorist suggests."

IDEALS AND DREAMS

"Whichever way you turn," said the Philosopher, "you find the same unholy satisfaction with generalities. The entire process is psychic. Ultimate ideals are treated as if they were just round the corner. For instance, if I were to believe that man will ultimately evolve physically to a point at which he will draw nitrogenous nourishment directly from the air, and will thus escape the need to eat, as we now understand eating,— it would not follow that I could or should attempt now to put into practice the method of perhaps millions of years hence. In fact, if I were to attempt it now, I would starve to death. I must leave such possible development to take care of itself. There is nothing I can do to further it."

"Quite true, in that instance," said the Objector. "And yet, you would not advise, as a general rule, leaving developments to take care of themselves, would you?"

"Of course not," replied the Philosopher. "There are cases in which a man must begin in the present to work toward an ultimate goal. The engineer, the artist, the scientist, the business manager,—all see an ideal, a goal, and they try to work toward it. They do not try, if they are wise, to jump at it. They proceed one step at a time. They lay their plans. They prepare their material. They provide themselves with instruments. They make sure of their foundation. Without the ideal, the goal,—they accomplish nothing. They cannot even stand still; because unless a man moves forward he moves backward. But an ideal, a goal, remains a dream and a subversive dream,—a dream which disintegrates the dreamer —unless it be dealt with practically, with due consideration of facts as they are."

"Isn't that just the difference," said the Sage, "between the theorist and the man of affairs? In religion, in art, in science, in business, in politics, you find men who see nothing; other men who see a goal but who do nothing; yet other men who see and who proceed with full recognition of obstacles to be overcome,—and then those who see an ideal, a goal, but who ignore the facts which stand between them and their objective, and who try to jump to the stage at which eating, as you suggested, will no longer be necessary to support life."

"Yes," said the Philosopher. "It is a commonplace in business, in science and in art. Unfortunately, as a law of life, it is not as well understood in the domain of politics and in that of religion."

"Right in line with this," interjected the Student, "I have been reading a remark by Taine to the effect that in all sciences the difficulty consists in presenting before our mind's eye, by means of various

phenomena, the real object such as it exists in itself, outside ourselves, and without confusing it with our preconceived ideas about it. Clearly, this is equally true in connection with all wise action, whether in commerce or in war, in medicine or in surgery. The essential thing is to see a fact, and to subordinate one's own thought to the fact, because the fact exists and we are able to control it just to the extent to which we are able to see it and to accept it."

"That would mean," said the Sage, "that before anyone undertakes to draw up laws for a particular nation, or for a particular state of society, he ought to ask himself how his proposal will apply to certain individuals whom he personally knows, and to their problems and needs. Merely to theorize about what ought to be just laws, tends to create endless confusion and to result in endless injustice."

"Yet this is the kind of thing," remarked the Student, "that is constantly being done in the name of idealism. That is one of the directions in which Theosophy is so infinitely needed—theosophical idealism; for theosophical idealism is based upon the knowledge of facts, physical as well as spiritual, and makes due allowance for the different stages of evolution which men have reached. A student of Theosophy does not regard an African savage as having the same responsibilities as a man of education and culture. He holds that it would be unfair to the savage. But this is only another way of saying that he does not theorize about all men being born free and equal. He knows by observation that they are not equal, just as he knows by observation that no man, unless he be master of his own lower nature, is free."

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

"What you people have been saying," remarked the Artist, "seems to me to have a very direct bearing on the problem of the League of Nations. I do not believe in it, as you know. But I have heard it argued that no matter what we may think of the League from the standpoint of the interests of the United States, it is obviously in the interest of France that America should be a party to the covenant. France would then have the guarantee, it is said, of America's assistance in the event of an attack by Germany. Personally, I believe that France would be weakened, not strengthened, by any such paper guarantee.

"In the first place, I do not believe that a Democracy can be relied upon to keep an agreement. It is not capable, and it would not claim to be capable, of being actuated by the motive, *noblesse oblige*. In fact, Democracy as we now know it, would repudiate indignantly any such sentiment . . . . You will understand, of course, that I am not using the word Democracy in its narrow political sense, as opposed to Republicanism, but in its true sense of 'government by the *demos*', the crowd."

"Forgive me for interrupting you," broke in the Employer, "but I do happen to know from experience that what you have just said is only too true. A Labour Union, or, irrespective of Unions, a group of workmen, will enter into a written agreement obligating them to continue at work at a certain rate of pay for a certain number of months. Quite regardless of this, if they see their opportunity 'to hold up' their employer, they will in many cases break their agreement without a moment's hesitation. I infer that the United States, being a Democracy and being controlled in the last analysis by the votes of men who, in any case, are of the same kind as those who make up Labour Unions, will hold to an agreement only so long as it seems to be necessary or profitable to do so."

"We know from the past," said the Sage, "that it takes at least two years for the conscience and honour of the nation, represented by the real Americans, to work its way down to the rank and file. All of us know that in 1914 and 1915, the feeling in this country was against taking part in the war. President Wilson was re-elected on that platform."

"Yes," continued the Artist, "and in case of a further attack by Germany on France, a delay of two years might be fatal. Germany would always claim that she had been attacked first, or that conditions had been made so intolerable for her that she had been compelled to adopt 'a strategical defensive'! Instantly, in Congress, the question of peace or war would become a party issue. It is always easy to find a pretext for inaction when you do not want to do something, and when you do not feel bound by the moral obligation of doing it anyhow merely because you said you would.

"Meanwhile," he went on, "if France, instead of living in her armour, takes off her armour, as she is now doing; if even a man like Clemenceau talks about disarmament and recommends it,—it means that instead of relying upon her own strength—not to speak of God's—she is relying upon the power of this country and upon the armed forces of this country. In other words, she is relying upon a delusion. Instead of dealing with facts and basing her existence upon facts, she is committing the far too usual folly of depending upon hopes and fancies."

"Germany is undoubtedly doing the best she knows how to prepare for her next war," remarked the Historian. "Her leading men are as determined as ever to conquer the world both economically and in a military sense."

"But is it not true," questioned the Objector, "that France would gain if she were to do away with her military establishment for, let us say, five years? She would save that much money and it would give her that much better opportunity to recover her strength economically. She is not in a position at the present time to wage war. She is impoverished and disorganized. She would save not only under the head of taxation if she did not have to support a large army, but also because

some five hundred thousand men, who would otherwise be under the colours, would not be withdrawn from productive labour."

"You will admit," replied the Artist, "that your argument depends upon the theory that if, let us say five hundred thousand men are withdrawn from productive labour, the total output of the country thereupon suffers. Was that true of Germany in 1913? It might be said that Germany produced more because of her state of preparedness. We cannot prove either proposition, but one statement has at least as much to support it as the other, and personally my belief is that if a nation is conscious of her danger, if she relies upon herself, if she aims to be prepared at all points to defend herself, the result is a far greater productivity than when she leans back and thinks herself safe."

"Nothing worse for a man," laughed the Clergyman, "than to feel safe. He is headed the other way without knowing it!"

"In the case of a nation," continued the Artist, "the result is a general relaxation—not only of the moral fibre, but a relaxation in terms of daily effort. For one thing, men are much less likely to strike for impossible wages, or to squander money on luxuries, if they believe that they and their wives and children are in danger, and if they believe that the ability of their country to resist depends, at least to some extent, upon their own frugality and energies.

"Marshall Foch has made it perfectly clear that he does not think that France is safe. But he will be regarded, and is already beginning to be regarded, as a military crank who is always imagining dangers. Lord Roberts was regarded in exactly the same way in 1913 in England.

"But my whole objection to the League of Nations is that it is based upon delusion. Disarmament is splendid—as an ideal. It will no doubt be practicable when the millennium arrives. In mediaeval Italy every householder had to turn his house into a fortress and to arm himself against his neighbours. If he did not do it, he was criminally negligent. He had to do it. The time had not arrived when he could do otherwise. Internationally, we are still at about the same stage of civilization. To pretend we are not, merely because we regret that we are, is the kind of folly I find particularly exasperating because it cloaks itself in a garb of idealism."

"So we end where we began," said the Old Member,—"'There is no religion higher than Truth'!" T.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

July 6th, 1912.

DEAR ————

As I looked through your letter, the one thing that jumped out at me was—that you *envy* our activity; and that you chafe greatly at your own quiet existence at——. Dear friend, if I were foolish enough to envy anybody anything, which at least theoretically I am not, it would be you, for your aforesaid quiet life and your enforced inactivity in your pretty and peaceful country home. I positively long for the green grass and for the quiet; and we are all of us trying very hard to be good enough to deserve a chance to get away in the course of two or three weeks to some small place where we can have a chance to *think,* instead of being compelled all the time to *do.*

All of this may be human, but it is very silly; because the fact is that we are in exactly the place we ought to be in, doing exactly the things we ought to be doing; and if we had it in our power, as in fact we have, to change things, we should not be foolish enough to do so, because that would argue such a lack of faith that we should at once have to give up all thought of being or of trying to be disciples.

As a matter of fact, one of the things that we have got to learn, not as a statement which we accept, but as a living vital realization, is that the circumstances and conditions of our lives at every moment are just what we need. This is a truism, almost a platitude; but it becomes pregnant with meaning the very moment we actually understand it; and it becomes full of meaning not only once but every day and every hour of our lives. We should live from moment to moment in the light of this belief.

If one of your children becomes ill and gives you pain and distress, you may be resigned, you may be courageous, but you are not getting the spiritual meaning out of the situation unless you can also see *why* that kind of suffering is good for you at that time, and what lesson it is that you still need to learn, that you can learn through a comprehension of the facts.

It is not very easy to do this; in fact it is very difficult, for we are not unprejudiced observers. It is much easier to make these observations in the case of another person of whose circumstances we have intimate knowledge, than it is to do it with ourselves. But it can be done and it must be done, sooner or later.

I think that a quiet life and a period of retirement are often given us for two reasons: one, because our brains have become so active as to be barriers to actual progress, and then it is desirable that all external stimulus to mental action should be removed; the other is because it is necessary for us to reflect upon our lives and the lessons which we ought

to learn, and which our lives are designed to teach us, so that we may get the full benefit of our experiences.

I think the latter is more likely to be true in your case; and anyhow it will not hurt for you to act as if it were so! I would suggest that you try to get and to read books of the Saints, because we can understand many of our own experiences when we see them reflected in others and lived out by others.

With best wishes, I am

Very sincerely,

C. A. Griscom.

January 25th, 1913.

Dear ————

I must again apologize for having let so long a time go by without writing to you, but the truth is that I am incessantly busy and have not the time needed to do all I have to do. . . .

But please do not get the idea that you are in any way dependent upon me for help. I am only one way in which the Master is helping you, and one of the least important. Everyone with whom you come in contact may have a message from him; every duty surely has; while above all he is constantly reaching you direct through your own heart. It is there that you must really learn to know and talk to him; where you must be seeking him incessantly; listening to him uninterruptedly; trying to discover his plan for you— his detailed plan which covers every hour of each day. Nothing is too insignificant to take to him and ask his advice about. Talk to him as you would to a friend, a wise and loving friend, whom you could see and hear with your physical senses. Use your imagination to make these conversations as real as you can. Go so far as to say to yourself, when you are alone in your room, at prayer or meditation time: "Now I shall ask the Master to come and sit in that chair opposite me and to talk to me." Behave just as you would if he could be seen to come into the room and sit down in the chair you had made ready for him. Do this regularly. Some day you will suddenly wake up to the realization that he actually is there and actually was talking to you and actually was saying the things which you thought your imagination was attributing to him. As a matter of fact he will actually be there long before you can see or hear him. You will feel him first. Remember that he is most anxious, eagerly anxious to reach you directly; most solicitous for you to get rid of the mental barriers which now cloud your vision—for they are mostly mental barriers, lack of faith, disbelief in your own power to do this wonderful thing. Granted that you cannot, you can still safely assume that he can and will, when he sees that it would be safe for you, and you are no judge of when that moment arrives, so you must be ready always.

We should treat our bodies as we would a good horse. Feed it the kind and quantity of food it ought to have for the kind and amount of work it does, without much, if any, regard for what the horse likes. Give it the amount of work it can do, but no more. It is only on some occasional emergency that we have to whip or over-exert it, and if we do, we give it a longer rest thereafter. Exercise it when there is no work for it to do. Be kind to it, but make it render implicit obedience.

The essence of courtesy is sympathy. We must be able to feel what the other person would like us to do or say or be, and then, so far as we rightly can, we must do or say or be that thing.

It is, I think, always possible to talk to anyone in terms which are strictly Christian and yet not have to omit a single Theosophical idea. Almost the only difficulty is reincarnation, and you can get round that by speaking vaguely of living after death and endless progress, both of which are sufficiently orthodox.

I must stop this long letter, but before I do so I want to send you a word of personal sympathy for the pain and suffering you are going through. All I can say is that it is our invariable experience in after times to look back on such periods with thankfulness. They pay. It is hard to realize it at the time, when we are feeling very tired and discouraged; but we know deep down in our hearts that it does pay, and that we would not have it otherwise. So we have courage to go on.

Believe me, as always,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

February 11th, 1913.

DEAR ————

* * * * * * * *

I should like to say generally that you must not be content to live out your daily round of duties, and efforts at self-conquest, and the keeping of your rule. These are well enough as means to an end. But remember the *end*. You want to reach the Master, to know him, to talk to him, to have him talk to you, and tell you what to do, so that you can serve him. Be content with nothing short of these. Think of them. Long for them. Strive after them.

You need to be more positive in your attitude; to be reaching out for more; to be aggressive and virile; and not spend so much of your time and thought about your sins and your weaknesses and failures. Acquire virtues and your sins will look out for themselves—that is, they will slough off.

You have often read and heard that we should look on our troubles and trials as opportunities, but you do not think this out.

Suppose, for a moment, you look at it from above. Imagine the situation from the point of view of the Master. You are a soul that he

loves and wishes to help. He looks at you and sees faults you must conquer, and past sins you must expiate, before you can be free. He weaves these two things together. He takes the forces of your own creation, which must work out, and he moulds them and guides them so that, as you exhaust them, you have the opportunity to acquire the virtues you lack, or to get rid of your faults. He wants this double process completed as soon as possible, because he knows that until it is complete you cannot be permanently happy. Therefore he allows the pressure of these double forces to descend upon you as heavily as you will permit, and as your strength and devotion and aspiration will stand.

Looked at this way, what room is there for self-pity—for complaint —for ingratitude? Even discouragement and depression are out of place, though not so contradictory.

You make a barrier by your statement and your thought that you cannot feel the Master. You can and do. Only your brain does not realize it, partly because it says it cannot. Try to feel him. Feeling comes before either hearing or sight.

It is prosaic, but true, that the condition of our liver has a great deal of effect upon our religious life. Of course it ought not to be so, but it is.

One thing you say, I am afraid is nonsense. You know perfectly well that if you were the Master you would find no difficulty in loving anyone who tries as hard and as steadily as you do. Do you think him less patient and less forgiving than you would be?

With kindest regards, I am

Sincerely,

C. A. Griscom.

March 17th, 1913.

Dear ————

* * * * * * * *

Remember that your real life is more likely to be represented by the infinitude of little, instinctive, unconscious acts of daily life, than by the more important things you think about and decide in, and with, your mind.

I think we get love of nature straight from the Master. He has a passionate love of beauty and especially of natural beauty. I also think we can get very near him through the beauty of nature and our appreciation of it. Furthermore, I feel sure that he enjoys our love and enjoyment of it and that we also can enjoy it with his appreciation of it, *if we are in the fit mood.*

Intuition may be defined as a conscious reaction of the mind to the knowledge of the soul. But this is only what you said at more length.

There are two kinds of Karma; that which follows the breaking of a law of the universe (ignorance does not matter); the other kind of

Karma, and the much more serious kind, follows conscious wrong doing; sinning against knowledge of right.

We may, and in some respects all of us do, follow a wrong or an imperfect ideal, but if we follow it honestly and faithfully, it is our honesty and our faith and our effort which count, not what we do.

It is late and I must stop. With kindest regards, I am

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

April 7th, 1913.

DEAR ————

* * * * * * * *

If you act in good faith—trying your best to answer a friend's question—the Master will take care of the results. Your business is to do your best and not to worry about the outcome.

Vicarious atonement is a perfectly good Theosophical doctrine. We are all of us constantly suffering, bearing—others' sins. Think of the amount of this done by the average good mother. We can pray a man into heaven.

Remember that the Master, in addition to being love, sweetness, sympathy incarnate, is also the greatest warrior, the ablest general in the world to-day. He is also a past-master as a diplomat, and finally is the ablest of business men. We have a tendency to restrict our conception of him.

With kindest regards, I am

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

June 22nd, 1913.

DEAR ————

It seems to me you are doing very well, but do not be content to jog along in a rut. You have a definite ideal in your heart. You want to reach to clear, conscious communication with the Master. Do not be content with anything else, and concentrate your efforts toward that one point. Keep it ever in mind. Make your rule of life, your daily practices, converge toward that consummation. Do not let your mind, and doubts of your ability to do this thing, stand in your way. It is often the very last barrier that has to be broken down.

You have expressed, many times, warm gratitude to the Master for all he has done for you. Well, you can repay all this, and much more that you do not know about, *by becoming what he wishes you to become—his conscious disciple*. This is within your power, and the road is the

road you have been following;—daily, hourly recollection and discipline, with this goal consciously in mind.

I think you have taken an important step forward in these last weeks. Try to maintain all the gain. Fight against depression and discouragement, and be patient with your own physical disabilities.

With kindest wishes, I am

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

August 2nd, 1913.

DEAR ————

* * * * * * * *

You must fight against depression and discouragement, realizing that they come from your physical condition. The Master said not so long ago, of a chêla who has much to do with the work on inner planes, that you cannot defeat him, because you cannot discourage him.

I think your definition of prayer very good. The one I like best is simply "talking with the Master." One should pray for anything. There is nothing too small or too insignificant for the Master to be interested in. Most people try to be too what they call spiritual in their prayers, and consequently are vague and indefinite. I pray for anything I want, for myself or for anyone else, but always with the proviso that his will and not mine should prevail.

With best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

(To be continued)

You have not fulfilled every duty, unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant.—CHARLES BUXTON.

REVIEWS

The Heart's Domain, by Georges Duhamel, translated by Eleanor Stimson Brooks, The Century Co., New York.

Georges Duhamel belongs to that comparatively small but very talented group of French writers, of which Henri Barbusse and Romaine Rolland are perhaps the best known exponents. Their common spirit is a sentimental materialism, which is more German than French in origin and character, but which they clothe in a beauty of diction and lucidity of style that is their own native birthright. In consequence, they have done, and are doing, much harm; for in their books the enemy is presented to us in the loved guise of a friend.

Denying the immortality of the soul, they see present human happiness as the only good, and present suffering as the only evil. Their powerful pictures of the misery of war are unrelieved by any true perception of the nobility and heroism to which its courageous acceptance has given birth; and their thought emanates an insidious pacifism, like a poisonous gas, that enervates our spirit until we rise above it into the clear clean airs of eternal realities.

The Heart's Domain does not deal explicitly with the war, though it was written during it. It is a collection of essays upon what the author would have us consider "the inner life", "the sublime and familiar colloquy that every being pursues with the better part of himself". He turns to this inner domain of the heart, not for explanation of the outer life, or for strength and inspiration with which to meet its duties, but rather as a refuge from the reality of its pain. Set over, thus, against reality, every thought or vision of beauty that he gives us is made, itself, unreal. We move, as in a dream, through a world empty of all solid substance. The exquisite writing, terse and brilliant aphorisms, and wealth of imagery which mark the book, offer no nourishment to mind or heart, but only a cloying sweetness that soon becomes utterly repulsive. There is a tragic poverty in such a heart's domain as this—in such an anaemic, psychic counterfeit of the robust and virile reality of the true inner life. But it would be more tragic if it were not so largely wilful. On every page it is as though the author said, "On reality I will not feed. I choose to starve. But I shall starve gazing at the fancied flower of the root I will not eat. Come you, and gaze and starve with me."

It is a book that may help to make the readers of the QUARTERLY even more grateful for their knowledge of Theosophy, particularly because it has been reviewed very favourably in this country by those who either have not read it, or who have accepted it at its surface value. H. M.

Writing about the war, men continue to reveal themselves. That is all they can do. They cannot describe the war itself, because the war was so much bigger than themselves. So they describe the reaction of bits of the war upon their own nerves and minds and hearts. Some, like Dawson, and like many French writers,

show up splendidly. Many others reveal, not the horrors of war as they imagine, but their own poverty of soul. Among such writers are men of education, able to describe brilliantly the incidents and feelings they observed. But what confirmation of Emerson's profound saying, "He may see what he maketh"!

Among such writers is "A Corporal", author of *Field Ambulance Sketches,* published by John Lane Company, whose imprint is so often a recommendation. And the book has had a good reception by reviewers. None the less, its spirit and its limited horizon—its superficiality—are grievous. They are epitomized in this sentence: "We know that war is a foul tissue of crime and beastiality which no consideration of national expediency can possibly excuse or explain." "Expediency": as if that were the point! To fight and to die for right, for principle, for justice, for honour, because *noblesse oblige,* is what thousands of men did. "A Corporal" does not honour them, or himself, by describing the war as he describes it. Verily,—we find what we bring. T.

The Green Book—"Church Membership—what it is, what are its privileges and obligations, and what is its end," by Mrs. Horace Brock, Philadelphia, Pa. Price, 50 cents.

This book, issued by St. Mark's League of Intercession in connection with the "Every Name" campaign in the Episcopal Church, was sent us through the mails, and we are glad to call the attention of our readers to it. It is "an attempt to provide an inexpensive book that can be largely used, if found useful, telling in a simple way what church membership means."

There is real need for such a work—for one of the most astonishing characteristics of the Episcopal Church in America is the depth of the ignorance of its members as to what their church actually stands for and teaches. The mere "going to church" does not greatly help to remove this ignorance, for, as Mrs. Brock says: "Half of the sermons one hears on Sundays, even from men who hold the Faith, could be preached by sectarians, and one-third of them by Unitarians." She quotes, also, the story of Bishop Fisk asking a college student what he would suggest his preaching about to the University, and receiving the answer: "Suppose *for a change,* you give us some straight Christianity; we get mighty little of it from the College preachers." But however the modern fashion may have swung to sermons on politics and poetry, industrial relations and labour legislation or what not, there have been great sermons by great preachers, on the truths for which the church stands, and one aim of Mrs. Brock's book is to lead its readers to study these for themselves. Her own exposition is clear and valuable, though often very narrow,—as she fails to realize the significance of the strategic position of her church, standing with the catholicism of Rome on the one hand, and the dissenting Protestant denominations on the other. She needs Theosophy, and will have none of it.

She means, indeed, to be very explicit in her rejection of Theosophy; but her punctuation has played her false, for in the leaflet which accompanies the book she writes: "Religion may be said to be the topic of the day. *People are seeking a religion and Theosophy,* [italics ours] Christian Science, New Thought, Socialism, Spiritualism and other false religions and philosophies are spending great sums of money and putting forth great efforts to make disciples and supplant the Christian religion in this country." She clearly intended at least a semicolon after "religion," to separate it from "Theosophy." But the compassionate Lord of Karma must have noted her goodness of motive and refused to let her ignorance sunder what belonged together, and saved her from the absurdity of the statement that "Theosophy" was "spending great sums of money . . . to supplant Christianity."

H. M.

The Undying Fire, A Contemporary Novel, by H. G. Wells, published by The Macmillan Company.

The Undying Fire is the Book of Job taken bodily from the Old Testament and transposed with quite extraordinary finesse and literary skill into the modern key. In the Job Huss of this book, Job lives again, and again threshes out his problems and comes to his conclusions—the same soul-and-body crushing problems—the same divine conclusions. Even those who do not like Wells—and they are many—may better, at this juncture, pocket their distaste, for this is not a book to miss. It is done by a man whose passion it has ever been to watch with untiring patience the world in which he finds himself, and to pass on to his fellows the results of his scrutiny. This method, in Mr. Wells's case, has led him and his readers down strange paths and over many an arid waste. He has sought and found himself in his books, and whether you have enjoyed the search with him has been no concern of his—his recording daimon has possessed him. All through his youth he occupied himself exclusively with the world of shows (except for various excursions into the realms of pure fancy), bringing to this task, even his most ardent admirers must confess, a quite terrifying audacity and a determination to outline panaceas that resulted in acres of boresome writing; for if the world may be roughly divided into panaceaists and non-panaceaists, we must perforce class Mr. Wells with the former, and thereby find him so much the less an artist. Who was it who said that the trouble with Mr. Wells is that he is so incurably "tidy"? He has seen a world of unnecessary waste, confusion and ugliness, and by the bent of his particular genius has been too easily sure that some little patented remedies would help us. When someone says,—

> "If twenty maids with twenty mops swept it for half a year,
> Do you suppose, the Walrus said, that they could get it clear?"—

Mr. Wells always wants to rush out and buy the mops.

Now he is not so sure. There is a rift in his fine old materialism. The Wind of the Spirit is blowing where it listeth and it is blowing through Mr. Wells' brain. He has been suspecting the existence of God for some time and at last he has written a book with God in it. With this Job of the year 1918, Satan—as of old—is given his will. He may not destroy utterly, but he may rend, and torture and ruin—and he does. There are *no* panaceas, no cut and dried solutions for such problems as are here presented. The hand of the Lord, through the agency of his servant Satan, is heavy upon Job. As he lies waiting for the coming of the eminent London surgeon who is to operate upon him for an incurable disease, he talks with his three miserable comforters, and that talk is a veritable *tour de force* of wit, humour and wisdom—its faithful adherence to its Biblical model ensures this. Then, as suddenly as the clouds had gathered, they disappear. The great surgeon's diagnosis has been a mistaken one; the son who was lost in the war is found to be safe; his wife, unequal to his hour of trial, comes back to him again, a humbled human woman; fortune showers gifts upon him; the work to which he had devoted his life is to go on—once more the smile of God has changed the world, but not until from the heart of pain and loss the ancient clarion cry has again rung out, "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him, for I *know* that my Redeemer liveth!"

S.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 239.—*Will someone help me to reconcile two estimates of Greek art which seem to me diametrically opposed? The one which seems to me typical of the original position of the T. S., on this and other kindred matters, is expressed in this way in "Through the Gates of Gold," page 72: "The great Greek poets saw this apparition [that of Nemesis] so plainly that their recorded observation has given to us younger and blinder observers the idea of it. . . . And in this we may notice, by the way, one distinct value of the study of the classics,—that the great ideas and facts about human life which the superb ancients put into their poetry shall not be absolutely lost as are their arts." While in a recent* QUARTERLY *[October, 1917, pp. 116-127] one reads: "Greek civilization is the culmination of the cycle of childhood. . . . The entire Greek race, like some five year old child, was incapable of a feeling that could stir themselves or us." (Page 118.) It is the reason given for this astonishing statement which to me is the important thing. On page 119: "The endowment of humanity with heart was accomplished by the Incarnation. . . . The Greeks could not write such emotions and sentiments about the world of nature or about human relations, as Shelley and Wordsworth have written, because they could not feel them; and they could not feel them because they were not yet facts to be felt. The Logos did not dwell with the Greeks—He was transcendent only. . . . The Greeks in their whole life, hence inevitably in their Art and Philosophy—were superficial; though they are not to blame for that. They saw clearly what there was to see—namely, a surface." Are these the "superb ancients" referred to in the first quotation?*

ANSWER.—*Light on the Path* makes clear, what Lao-Tse had already pointed out and illustrated twenty-five centuries ago, that spiritual truth can be expressed only in a paradox: in two statements which appear diametrically opposed. The reason is, that the dual mind breaks into two seeming opposites the single truth which comes down into it, from the spirit. The wise thing to do, in presence of two such statements, is to look for the single spiritual truth, of which they are the two sides, just as the apex of the triangle is equally related to the two ends of the base. In the case of this question, the apex of the triangle, the spiritual truth which resolves the discord, is the Law of Cycles, so constantly emphasized by Mme. Blavatsky. The flowering of Greek art was the culmination, the seventh round, if you wish, of a cycle. Early Christian art is the beginning, the first round, of the next manvantara. Because it is the seventh round, Greek art is, for that round, perfect, a model, an ideal representation, of perfection. Because it belongs to a new manvantara, Christian art, like the Christian revelation, has in it something new, something that never appeared before; but also, just because it is a first round, it has the imperfection, the incompleteness rather, which looks like crudity in comparison with Greek perfection. The true comparison will be between the seventh round of Christian art, still far distant, and Greek art, which represents the seventh, the perfect round, of an earlier cycle.

What is the something new? Try to perceive what it was, that was in the

hearts of Peter and John and Mary Magdalene, and was not in the hearts, let us say, of Socrates and Aristotle and Phryne. Try to realize that something different, in your personal consciousness. C. J.

QUESTION No. 240.—*Was the Incarnation of Christ different, not only in degree but in kind from any other; and was the crucifixion of Jesus a material one? If so, was it that sacrifice for man which has "endowed humanity with a heart"? If these things are true, then the T. S. has had a new revelation since the time that Madame Blavatsky wrote her wonderful books.*

ANSWER.—It would seem that the incarnation of Christ was different in kind, rather than in degree, from any other. But it is equally true that each avatar, or divine incarnation, is different in kind from all that have gone before, simply because it is the revelation of an element in the Lodge, a power of the Logos, which has never hitherto been incarnated and made externally manifest. Indeed, that difference in kind is the sole *raison d'être* of that avatar, as difference in kind is the sole reason for successive rounds. India expressed the difference in kind between successive avatars by the rather odd symbolism which gave to them the names of the Fish Avatar, the Boar Avatar, the Man-lion Avatar, and so on, a symbolism like that of the Apocalypse.

The crucifixion of Jesus was material; but it was also mental, moral and spiritual. It was the supreme manifestation of the "something new" spoken of in the preceding answer; something new to the outer world, but something very old, even from everlasting, in the Lodge, in the Logos.

As for the final sentence, yes and no. Something new to the world, but something by no means new to Madame Blavatsky (who was, by the way, a sincere believer in the Eastern Church), as a really careful study of her books will show. It would be wise, in this context, to look up, and bring together everything Madame Blavatsky says of Jesus. The result will well repay the trouble.

But the truth is, that a great part of Madame Blavatsky's work was consciously done precisely to prepare the way for what the querent calls a new revelation, but what is rather a new understanding. The simple truth is that, but for the splendid work that Madame Blavatsky did, in sweeping away false understandings of Christianity, and without the light from the East, which she brought, it is impossible to understand Christianity. C. J.

QUESTION No. 241.—*In the Quarterly Book Department's edition of "The Yoga Sutras of Patanjali," in the Commentary on Sutras* 24 *and* 25, *Book I, the Master is spoken of as individual; in the Commentary on Sutra* 27, *the union of the Master with the Oversoul is declared,—one symbol, Om, expressing both. Are we to take "The Master of Life" in the Commentary on Sutra* 23 *as referring to an individual Master or to the Oversoul? If to an individual Master, is it our own personal Master, or is there in the Hierarchy one above all, called "The Master of Life"?*

ANSWER.—Just as the tree has no manifested existence except in its stem and branches, so the Logos, the Oversoul, has no existence as manifested spiritual life except in the Hierarchy of Masters; and just as the branches have no life except in the tree, so individual Masters exist solely in virtue of the life of the Logos, the Oversoul, manifested in them. It seems, therefore, to make no practical difference whether the Oversoul or the individual Master be understood in the above passages. The Oversoul is manifested to the disciple through the Masters, and in particular through his own Master, the Master on whose ray he is; he has access to the Oversoul through the life and consciousness of that Master; and, for him, that Master represents the Oversoul.

We should keep in mind the perfect harmony between the Oversoul, the Hierarchy, and all individual Masters; no difference of plan or purpose is thinkable. The purpose of the Oversoul is the purpose of the Hierarchy, and of each indi-

vidual Master. All parts in the divine symphony are perfectly adjusted and harmonized. The "Master of Life" is the Oversoul, or the Hierarchy, or the individual Master. The plan and purpose of the three are one. C. J.

QUESTION No. 242.—*Is there any possible point of reconciliation between the Theosophical idea of brotherhood and the best of the humanitarian ideas on the subject? Take for instance, a person who is giving her whole life, and the very best of herself to social work, to righting other people's supposed wrongs and straightening out their affairs to the best of her ability. To her, abstention from this kind of work, and above all lack of interest in it or disapproval of it, is the height of unbrotherliness. In this case both the student of Theosophy and the Social Worker would have the desire to help; is there any reconciliation between their ideas as to the best means of doing so?*

ANSWER.—When I found this question among a consignment sent me with a request for answers, I fear I was irreverent. I said: O the same everlasting old question! And that was irreverent because to these questioners the matter is one of religious intensity, in some cases all the religion they have, and no one, at the peril of their own souls, may ever treat another man's religious convictions lightly, no matter how strange those convictions may seem to be. When the querent is outside our ranks I find more patience. Life there, and thought, are so complicated, and the panaceas of the materialist and the socialist are cried so loud in its streets, that no wonder the average man hears little else, and so echoes them or acts on them. But far too many members of our Society ask the question, showing that the A. B. C. of Theosophy has missed them altogether; that no least comprehension of all that has been said, done or written since 1875 has had any meaning for them whatever; and impatience over that, while futile, has ground for justification. I fancy that old students like myself have had this question, in some form, asked of us about once a week ever since those days in the misty past when we first were entitled to write F. T. S. after our names. There was invariably much said of "brotherliness" and "unbrotherliness," but special stress was laid always upon "Karma"—that law over which only great Masters are supposed to be lords. So that the conversation often ended something like this: "Why might it not be his Karma that you should help him?"—this asked sometimes pleadingly, sometimes triumphantly. To which one could only make the same reply: "Yes, if that were his Karma, no question but that I would help him; also, if it were not his Karma, I would not help him; *what has that got to do with it?*"

The matter is amazingly simple, as simple as this—

Each man's duty is to do that which in any given case honestly seems to him the highest and best thing to be done in the circumstances, especially if it be that which he finds it difficult to do, that which involves sacrifice. At the same time he must accord to others an equal right to do that which honestly seems to them highest and best, without condemning them for disagreeing with his viewpoint, or striving to coerce them into it. If he pursue this method of life, with devotion, with humility, and with sacrifice, he will in time come to know the law of right living as applied to himself and to others. No man who is not a disciple, whose inner eyes are not opened, can possibly know what is really best for another, any more than he can possibly know what is best for himself. To obtain this knowledge, to be able to be of service to others, he must submit to the training and discipline of discipleship. And his first step, the very dawn of the beginning, will consist in his complete and cheerful acceptance of these two facts. So that we shall see him avoid any rushing in and about to set people and things in his particular kind of order, as carefully as he would avoid performing delicate surgical operations, if entirely ignorant of surgery. When the need for action meets him, he will do the best he can, praying for guidance, and that higher powers will neutralize the harm his ignorance must inevitably produce. Meanwhile, if sincere in his desire to serve, he will spend all his energies and talents in the acquirement of that knowledge of life which is the reward of self-abnegation and self-conquest, and of that alone. This is the A. B. C. of Theosophy, the practical expression of the fundamental principle upon which it all rests. It is neither one extreme nor the other, but the circle which includes them both. "Verily man is altogether vanity." F. T. S.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

CORRESPONDENCE

BERLIN, APRIL 1ST, 1919.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

DEAR COMRADES,

We the undersigned, members of the Berlin Branch T. S., beg to send our heartiest greetings to the Convention, expressing our wishes that it may result to the benefit of the whole theosophical movement and of the world at large, which now—more than ever before—seems to be in need of the help of noble-minded and clear-seeing men and women.

Without this help and the unceasing endeavours of the members of the T. S. in America and in other countries, to lift up the banner of truth and justice, the European nations would perhaps have perished in the whirlpool of infernal forces, which threatened to engulf them.

We the undersigned, confess with deep shame that our Branch as a whole, and all its members, have for years been unable to recognize the truth, and to appreciate the warning calls you sent us through articles in the QUARTERLY as well as through the resolutions passed in your conventions.

It was not earlier than in the last summer that we awoke out of the state of utter blindness in which our whole nation found itself submerged, owing to the system of lies and calumnies practised by the government and the press of our country. Now we have finally become conscious of the almost irreparable fault both of our nation and our Branch, and we herewith confess it to you, our comrades, with deep repentance in our hearts. We inform you that we have immediately set to work for the enlightenment of our Branch members as well as the whole nation, as to our fault and its terrible importance, and for bringing about repentance and the desire to atone and to repair, being ourselves impressed with the belief that this is to be our most immediate work as theosophists.

We trust that notwithstanding our utmost failure and the lack of genuine confidence we have proved in the last years, you will not deny us your help and assistance, which we are now in so great need of.

Permit us to express to you to-day our deep-felt gratitude for the kind help and enlightenment, which, especially some of the American members, you were not weary to bestow on us, and which, though for a long time rejected by us, finally succeeded in piercing the thick wall of blindness that surrounded us.

Reiterating our most cordial wishes for a good result of your Convention, we beg you to believe us

Fraternally yours,

LEO SCHOCH
ELISABETH SCHOCH
OTTO BETHGE
LUISE BETHGE
OSKAR STOLL
MELITTA STOLL
IDA SCHEERER
OTTO SCHEERER
MARGARETHE BITTKAU.

BERLIN-TEMPELHOF, SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1919.

To the Editor of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY,

DEAR SIR:

I beg to enclose herewith a "Declaration" formulated and signed by several members of the Berlin Branch T. S., who sincerely regret their erroneous and wrong attitude maintained during the greater part of the war, and who feel compelled to confess this openly before the whole theosophical world, stating at the same time the standpoint they gained something more than one year before now, and which they are sustaining notwithstanding the gravest opposition and attacks they are meeting in their own ranks.

Would you be kind enough to publish this declaration in the next issue of the QUARTERLY?

We are now passing through a very heavy crisis here, which we fear will result in definite separation between the two irreconcilable antagonists.

The great majority of the German members continue to accuse the comrades in America which approve the attitude of the QUARTERLY, and of course ourselves too, of unbrotherly and untheosophical behaviour and of violating the principles and the Constitution of the T. S., and it will be impossible for us to do any work in the Society unless we are given liberty of action and speech. The Convention of German branches on the 21st inst. will perhaps decide the matter in one or another way. Members are being influenced against us by the Executive Committee of the Union of German Branches, and the Convention is therefore very likely to lead to a separation between those who stand for the "original Theosophical Society" (with headquarters in New York), and those who consider that T. S. as having broken its principle and who therefore stand for the Theosophical Society of Mr. Raatz.

We shall take the liberty of informing you about the issues of this Convention and of the steps which we possibly will become obliged to take for our safety as members of your Society.

Believe me, dear sir,

Very truly yours,

LEO SCHOCH.

DECLARATION

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in the whole world:

We the undersigned, members of the Berlin Branch T. S., beg to declare herewith the following:

We herewith withdraw, inasmuch as we are concerned, the protest formulated in 1915 on behalf of the members of the Berlin Branch by our President, Mr. Paul Raatz, against the contents of the articles in the QUARTERLY dealing with the War, its origin, and its conduct by the German Government and its army.

We regret to the highest degree our blindness as to the true facts and the lack of understanding of the theosophical principles, that led us to join in the said protest.

We declare, on the contrary, that we identify ourselves without the least reserve, with the opinions expressed by the authors of the "Screen of Time", "Notes and Comments", and of other articles on the said subject.

In particular we recognize after a thorough study of the obtainable documents, that the War has been originated and prepared in all its details by the German government and the sustainers of the military power, with the purpose of gratifying their monstrous ambition and their madness of world-conquering.

We condemn indignantly the shameless violation of Belgian neutrality.

We solemnly protest against the horrible atrocities committed by the German forces on command of the military authorities, especially against the spoliation and the murdering of the Belgian and French populations.

We abhor the barbarian methods of warfare employed by the German commanders-in-chief, on the battle-field as well as on the sea and in the air.

We detest the abominable campaign of lying and calumniating continually conducted by the German government, as well abroad as in our own country.

We further declare that we acknowledge that this war was a life-and-death contest waging between the forces of the White Lodge and the powers of the Black Lodge; that the armies of the Allies were fighting on the side of the White Lodge, while Germany and her vassals were the instruments used by the Black Lodge.

We entirely agree with you that no peace can be on earth until the forces of the Black Powers will be annihilated; and we are troubled that the war has found an end on the visible plane before the complete realization of this result had been secured.

We are resolved to unite our endeavors and strivings with yours in this still waging battle against the Evil Powers, and ask you to accept us newly as your fellow-combatants.

We expect your advice, and subscribe ourselves

Fraternally yours,

Leo Schoch	Elisabeth Schoch	Richard Walther
Otto Bethge	Oskar U. Melita Stoll	Ida Scheerer
Marg. Bittkau	Otto Scheerer	Friedrich Weber
Luise Bethge	Otto Ihrke	Helene Rühl

September, 1919.

BRANCH MEETINGS

Los Angeles, Cal.; Pacific Branch. Fridays, 8 p. m.; October to June; 306 American Bank Building, 2nd and Spring Streets.

Denver, Col.; Virya Branch. First Saturday of each month, 4 p. m.; 1835 Williams Street.

Salamanca, N. Y.; Sravakas Branch. Mondays, 8 p. m.; October to May; 62 Broad Street.

Cincinnati, O.; Cincinnati Branch. Tuesdays, 8 p. m.; November to April; Room 513, Odd Fellows Temple, Seventh and Elm Streets.

New York, N. Y.; New York Branch. Every alternate Saturday (January 3, January 17, etc.), 8.30 p. m.; 21 Macdougal Alley.